





VASCOCHBONE

FREEZE SUDDEN ACTION in full, natural color? No problem for professional Ozzie Sweet —with Anscochrome Film.

EVEN WHEN THE LIGHT'S NOT RIGHT

- ANSCOCHROME IS!



BRIGHT SUNLIGHT ABOVE—reflected sunlight below. Anscochrome responded perfectly to the light—and Hal Berg's skill!

Could you get colors like these in your pictures? You could—using the same regularly priced film

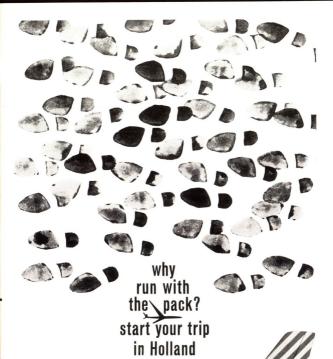
professionals use in their cameras.

That film is Anscochrome*. It costs no more than competing films. And it comes in all standard roll film sizes.

Even when the light's not right, Anscochrome gives your pictures a full range of natural colors. That's because Anscochrome is made to the exacting professional standards of the world's greatest photographers.

This weekend, graduate to Anscochrome. You'll see—you're a better photographer than you think you are! From the makers of new Movicchrome'-8 color movie film and All-Weather Pan black-and-white film. Anso, Binghanton, N. Y., A Division of General Amiline & Film Conporation.





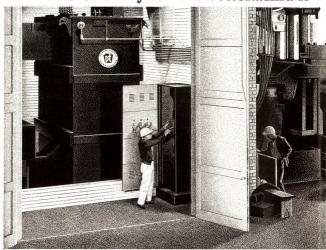
GO NON-STOP ON THE KLM ROYAL 8 JET

No crowds hide Holland's charms—canals, castles, sparkling night life, tax-free shopping. The best of Europe in a scenic little package. From Holland, 41 cities, each a KLM hop away. — And Holland is free on KLM to points beyond! Example—Royal 8 Jet fare New York to Paris, includes Holland, is just \$525.60 round trip Economy Class. Direct jet service Houston to Europe, too. Remember, professionals plan better trips, so see your travel agent or contact your nearest KLM office.

THE WORLD'S FIRST

OFFICES IN: ATLANTA, BEVERLY HILLS, BOSTON, BUFFALO, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DALLAS, DENVER, DETROIT, HARTFORD, HOUSTON, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANDELES, MIAMI MILWAUMEE, MINNEAPOLIS, NEW ORLEANS, NEW YORK CITY, PHILADELPHIA, PITSBURGH, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SYRACUSE, WASH. D.C.

"There's a way to do it better...find it"*





- -

a better way to design a mixer!

Toastmaster Division's new lightweight, super-powered "Potable Plus" hand mixer features quiet power and an exclusive Safety Ejector Lock—prevents beaters being ejected accidentally. This 3-speed mixer is available with a unique Fold Away Stand that stores in a drawer or mounts on wall with mixer. Base holds beaters and detachable cord. Mixer available in d colors.



FOUND:

a better way to freshen the air!

Specks of dust, smoke, and pollen add allergy miseries to summer swelters. But the remarkable "Lectrofilter" sinside Albion Division's Thomas A. Edison room airconditioners electrostatically plucks these irritants from the air: even the ones as tiny as 1/795 the size of an ordinary pencil dot. Result: dust-free rooms . . . healthful cool air. . . welcome allergy relied.

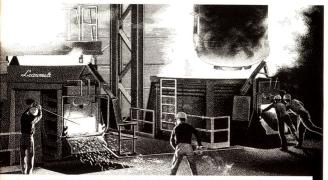


FOUND:

a better way to handle teletype messages!

Speedier handling of teletype messages— 24 hours a day—is now possible via Voicewriter Division's new Dual Message Recorder. The sender simply picks up his phone, dials a code number and start staking. His message, recorded on the operator's Voicewriter's, ist ranscribed directly to a teletype machine for fast, accurate transmission . . . no delay or inconvenience, Thomas a Edison

*Words to live by - Edison's motto still characterizes the spirit of American inventiveness. May we send you a free 6" ±9" reproduction? Simply write us on your business letterhead: McGraw-Edison, 1200 St. Charles Road, Elijn, Illinois.



FOUND: a better way to keep the heat on . . . in furnaces that make metal a better way!

Electric ard furnaces are tough on transformers. During normal operation, they are subjected to repeated short circuits and heavy power overloads—at the high energy levels needed to fluedy metals and alloys. So Pensylvania Transformer Divisions builds transformers that can take the torture and deliver the power, day after day, year after year. Case in point: there has never been a failure in the vital low voltage winding of a Pennsylvania Errunace Transformer in over 25 years.

conception of a remarkable family dwelling-

fashioned of concrete poured into a set of cast

iron molds-complete and intact in a single

piece from cellar to roof! In 1910, the actual

building of several of the homes proved the plan

Edison's farseeing imagination is a company

heritage today throughout McGraw-Edison's 34

divisions and subsidiaries. And our search is

still for the better way . . . for your better living.

quite workable.

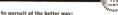
The "Wizard of Menlo

Park" even envisioned

prefabricated housing. A

1908 patent describes his

Metals and alloys must boast near-perfect purity if they are to stand up to the rignor of space-age enginering applications. That's where Lectromet! Division's electric arc furnaces come in. Their precision control of temperature and timing during individual "heats" builds metals of consistent purity . . . in large quantity . . . and at low cost. Another benefit of efficient design: high availability—a Lectromet! furnace is regularly in production 95% of the time!



FOR UTILITIES.—Airectic, Line Material, National Electric Coll and Pennsylvania Transformer Products: Aluminum substation structures and prelabrications - Switchgear + rujes Cutous and Links - Street and Airport Lighting - Susulators - Lighting Arresters - Filter Conduit - Distribution and Power Transformer - Capacitors - Power Switching Equipment - Substation Equipment - Regulators - Construction Materials - Reclosers - Colls - Winding Service for Robbing Materials

FOR MOUSTRY—Agine, Artic Circle, Buss, Conlineath, Thomas A. Edina, Imperial, Latthorper, Lettronett, National Extrict Coal, Pensylvasia, Touthmarks and Tripe. Her. Codemic Products: Equipment for Aircraft Frie Detection - Arc Furnace, Power and Pips Welding Transformers - Fuses - Aircraft and Inductival Instruments - Twas - Fairing Refiguration - Industrial Stateries - Refiguration - Refigura

FOR THE HOME.—Alpine, Artic Circle, Buss, Dominantal, Coalenter, Crestline, Edison, Eskine, Fotocia, Imprili, Mannine, Bawma, LiM Permaline, Power House, Spartan, Speed Queen, Tostinaster, Travelánir, Tropic-fare and Zero Predects: Fasini, Propic-fare and Zero Predects: Fasini, Travelánir, Tropic-fare and Zero Predects: Fasini Propic Fasini Propic House Automatic Powers Household Fasini Propic Household Fasini Propinci Propic Household Fasini Propinci Propic Household Fasini Propinci Propin

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Dependable electric products, for utilities, for industry, for the home





For shipping logs



or hogs



or catalogs

The better way is Santa Fe

No matter what you ship call the nearest Santa Fe Traffic Office and let the longest railroad in the U.S.A. go to work for you.



LETTERS

The Candidates

Sir In your issue of July 25, it was said that Mr. Kennedy has decided to make frequent television appearances on the theory that he is better-looking than Vice President Nixon. In this country we are not deciding on a candidate because he is tall or short or has blue or brown eyes. We are considering if he has the leadership qualities this country

MARY M. O'NEILL

Holvoke, Mass.

If the platform advocated by the Democratic Party were honestly followed (and it is apparent that this is impossible), we might as well turn our entire paychecks over to the Government and be issued trading stamps to obtain the essentials of life

ROBERT H. ELLERHORST

In the coming campaign, we are going to hear a great deal about "growth," but I venture to say that neither party will dare to say a word about the greatest single obstacle to growth, namely the opposition of almost labor unions to increasing production. disposal, etc. would be trivial compared with the growth that would be brought about if organized labor took its foot off the brake.

for some time-Hagerty.

F. D. Dysinger Round Pond Me Why all this fuss about a Roman Catholic President? We have had an acting Catholic President

RALPH P. SYMONS

¶ But presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty is an Episcopalian.-

No matter what soothing talk Kennedy may put forth about religion's not being an issue, do not be fooled. Religion is the issue in this campaign. Instead of being garbed in a brown derby with a Bowery twang, it comes in a Brooks Brothers suit, clipped accents, and a Pepsodent smile that causes old women and bobby-soxers to swoon and mouth inanities.

SARA C. MORGAN

A remarkable man, that Jack Kennedy. He has made age 43 synonymous with youth.

PAUL DEL NERO, 43 Newport, R.I.

To Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kennedy-Ceud milé fàilte to the White Hou

AGNES R. O'BRIEN 100,000 welcomes.-Ep.

Meriden, Conn. ¶ English rendering of the Gaelic:

Of course everyone with any sense knows what a terribly pro-Republican rag you are, and so I shouldn't subscribe to you at all. I do, in fact, cancel my subscription regularly, but you have such good writers I ELLEN BULL

Boulder, Colo.

We realize Time is Democrat and Catholic, but it would seem that Time should also realize that many of its readers are Republicans, and many Protestants who do not favor Catholicism in the White House. I. HELEN MORGAN

Portland, Ore.

Pray tell, what is the weird-looking instrunt being played by the member of Stu



Symington's pep band [see cut]? Something new or just a trombone that barely survived a "demonstration"?

ROD RODRIGUEZ Los Angeles

I noticed that you have included a rather , rare and unusual musical instrument. The valve trombone is not widely used, but a bent valve trombone is probably used only at conventions. This instrument has an interesting history inasmuch as no music has ever been written for it, per se, few people play it well, and practically nobody recog-nizes it. However, it looks glamorous, has clear, stentorian tone, and, in this case,

> JASON H. TICKTON Professor of Music

Wayne State University

¶ Los Angeles Labor Relations Counsel Thomas Neblett, no musician, located one of the rare instruments three months ago, mastered it in three weeks, has performed for family, friends, and one political convention.-Ep.

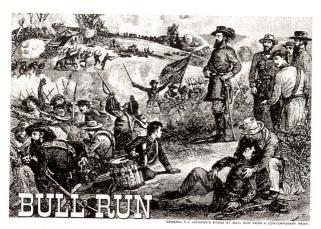
There seems hardly a doubt that the next Congress, most certainly the Senate, will be Democratic, If the Kennedy-Johnson ticket is elected, Vice President Johnson will continue to lead the Senate as masterfully and as effectively as he has done heretofore. merica can then look forward to amity and cooperation between the executive and

legislative branches of the Government.

If, however, Mr. Nixon were elected President, he would have to deal not only with "hostile" Senate but the leader of that body would be his just-defeated rival, Senator Johnson. Politics being what it is, the country would be in for a time of constant bickering and legislative inaction if the Republican ticket were elected in November

JERRY G. BECHHOFER New York City

Can't you just see Senator Jack Kennedy sitting down at the conference table with



Where Stonewall Jackson earned his name

"There was going to be a short war and it would be romantic and glorious — crowned, of course, with victory. No one, as Lincoln remarked, could see that what was going to happen would be fundamental and astonadine."

AUTHOR OF "THIS HALLOWED GROUND," DOUBLEDAY

In our Civil War, the North liked to name battles after streams; the South preferred nearby towns. South perferred nearby town of the battle of Bull Run (a stream) and First Manassas (a town) are the same. When you visit the battlefield, so beautifully kept by our National Park Service, you'll see the same landmarks on the same terrain North and South fought over on July 21, '61.

The park museum is a good place to begin your tour, and you might start by looking in the library records for the names of your relatives, North or South, who fought in the war.

Bull Run battlefield is a rare combination of scenic beauty and

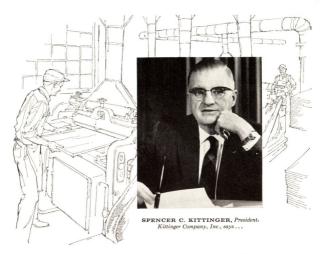
historic importance. Park historians show you how to follow the battle, beginning with the Union's surprise attack down from Sudley Springs and across Warrenton Turnpike. And on Henry House Hill, you can stand where Confederate General T. J. Jackson stood like a stone wall, broke the Blue charge, and won a battle and a name that blazes in our history. At Cub Run, you'll see where picnickers came to watch the battle, and at Stone Bridge, where one of them-Alfred Ely-was captured-the only U. S. Congress-

man to become a prisoner of war. Plan to see Bull Run (or First Manassas) as America begins its Civil War Centennial. Time has smoothed the scars and the battle-field is beautiful with summer. But here where men fought so hard for their beliefs the evidence is clear that the price of liberty is courage. America is rich in that coinage.

FREE TOUR INFORMATION. Plan now to visit Bull Run or some other historic Civil War battlefield. Let us help plan your trip to include scenic vacation spots. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N, Y.



PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE CIVIL WAR CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF CONGRESS, TO INCREASE AWARENESS OF OUR HISTORICAL HERITAGE — THE MEN AND EVENTS WHICH SHAPED OUR NATION'S GROWTH.



"For 23 years, Blue $\mathbf{Cross}_{\scriptscriptstyle{\$}}$ benefits and service

have added up to 'quality protection' for us."

"Our company works to a single ideal—'quality. So applying this term to Blue Cross comes quite naturally. Blue Cross, we feel, excels in providing hospital expense benefits. Its help, based on actual care received, has given our people assistance no system of fixed dollars-per-day could equal. And what must be an individualized service, and therefore complex, Blue Cross makes simple. We're saved involvement in paper work and in personal affairs."

Throughtful management approves Blue coross protection because of its realistic approach to hospital care. That's because the aim of Blue Cross is to base benefits on the hospital care the employee needs—rather than a fixed number of dollars that often proves inadequate. Costs are low, for with the exception of small administrative expense, all income goes toward benefits for members.

come goes toward bettens to members.

Both management and employees benefit from the simplicity of Blue Cross. There is no costly red tape for your company. Blue Cross handles details of care and payment directly with the hospital. The employee simply shows

his Blue Cross membership card when being admitted to the participating hospital.

Whether your company is large or small, you will find that Blue Cross fits in well with all benefit and retirement programs. For specific information, call your local Blue Cross Plan.

BLUE CROSS



Blue Cross Association, Inc., 55 East 34th Street, New York 16, N.Y

Messrs. Charles de Gaulle, Harold Macmillan and Konrad Adenauer? Why not send "Kookie"? He combs his hair, too.

ELIZABETH D. McCarter

Ananeim, C

Sponsor

Delighted to read your coverage of the first International Conference on Congenital Miscontainant Conference on Congenital Miscontainant in London. I can't understand how you omitted the fact that the conference was lumbed and supported by the American people through the National Foundation March of Dimes. As a geneticist. I was greatly impressed with the effort on behalf of medical scientific research for the benefit of all mankind.

EDWARD TATUM

Copellingen

Slings & Arrows

Solution to the school board of Manchester, Conn, which kept Charlene Southerstill of the honor roll because she got a C in archery, congratulations! Keep up the good work, men, and take heart! Our country has thousands and thousands of engineers, scientists and scholars, but how many skilled archers?

J. A. SCHIMIDT

York, Pa.

Sir:
Shame on Time for apparently siding with
this impudent young lady and the misguided
youth she represents! Had she displayed her
boredom, her apathy, and her apparent lack
of the mental ability to der apparent lack
of the mental ability to classes, the certainly
would have rated a mark different from her
C—she would have received an F!

MRS. CHARLES A. HURLEY Director of Physical Education Mount St. Agnes College Rullimore

Sir:

or its conception, public education in
the U.S. has been criticated, analyzed and
the U.S. has been criticated, analyzed and
the U.S. has been close the cherished characteristic of an open society. Throughout the
years, value has been placed upon "giving
one's best" and "doing a good job." The
Communists will not be suppressed with bows
and arrows, but whether it he at Cape
and arrows, but whether it he at Cape
the kitchen sink, giving one's best will help.

R. B. WESTRAEMPER

La Crosse, Wis.

Shrinking Lead

Time, Aug. 1 reports the Honolulu Star-Bulletin has a "growing circulation lead over the morning Advertiser."

George Chaplin took over as Advertiser editor in December 1938. At that time Advertiser circulation was 46,500 v. the Star-

In the 19 months since, the Advertiser's circulation has reached 66,126, an increase of 41%. The Star-Bulletin's circulation was 103,000, a 3% gain. How you figguh?

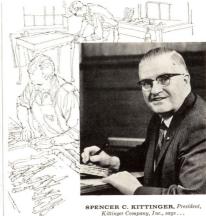
BUCK BUCHWACH
Managing Editor

Advertiser Hopolulu

¶ TIME figguhed wrong.—ED.

God & Yoga

In your ill-mannered article on yoga [July 11], you have made no bones about the fact that you consider, along with Benedictine



"One reason Blue Shield, has worked so well for us—it's sponsored by doctors."

"Our experience with Blue Shield for surgical-medical bills has all been of the best. Everything is prompt and efficient Benefits in relation to cost are very good. I feel, personally, that Blue Shield's high standards and practical help are direct results of its close working association with the medical profession."

For giving employees freedom from worry about surjical-medical expenses, there's no substitute for Blue Shield. The benefits it offers are broad. Here is help most people need help with doctor bills covering hundreds of types of operations, many nonsurgical services.

Worthwhile protection—yet surprisingly low in cost. That's because, after necessary reserves and expenses are taken care of, all Blue Shield income goes to pay members' doctor bills. Let Blue Shield add new value to your benefit program—including retirement plans. Contact your local Blue Shield Plan.

Assn. of Blue Shield Plan



National Association of Blue Shield Plans, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois

Command your own World Record Breaking*



Déchanet, the Hindu conception of God as

You leave me no choice but to point out that Hindus find the Biblical concept of God as a vengeful, peeking, bumbling fellow man imperfect, then cursed the whole race of man for the same imperfection, and could find no better way out of the dilemma than to allow his "son" to die a tortured death

Such a picture of God is suitable only for the grimmer kind of fairy tales and not for adults with freedom to think and read Anyway, even without the proofs of science. one has to reject the idea of a God who looks like man and acts like a poor specimen of

the race out of hand. Déchanet should realize that the practice of voga is Hindu through and through, and

that a true yogi cannot be a Christian just A. L. Ambika Bai

Kuala Lampur, Malaya

As a teacher of yoga for the past 21 years, I was greatly pleased to learn that a Bene-dictine monk has written a book on the merits of yoga, which has so often been mistaken for a religion, especially by Catho-lics and hence rejected by them. Yoga originated in India thousands of

years ago, and it clearly states that its prac-tice can be successfully taken up by a Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, Hebrew, et al., as well as by an atheist.

INDRA DEVI

Hollywood

Hands Across the Seas

May we tell you how much we appreciate newsmagazine on world affairs. Confined as we can only rely on the radio to be kept aware of what is going on in the outside world. Taking this into consideration, you will easily realize the interest we take in the

ANDRÉ MASSON

Port-Louis, Mauritius

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Watch Reynolds TV shows: "Bourbon Street Beat" and "Adventures in Paradise"; and, resuming in October, "All-Star Golf"—ABC-TV.



There's a new kind of architecture shouldering saide old ideas on today's skyline. It uses Reynolds Aluminums against the ravages of time and weather, You soe Reynolds Aluminum curtain walls, mullions, trim, windows and other components in a growing number of important buildings, licituding New York's newest

skyscraper, shown above: the First National City Bank building. The Reynolds Aluminums—strong, light-weight, and rustfree—give lasting beauty, reduce construction costs, provide more usable floor space, keep maintenance costs to a minimum. These same sense-making advantages of Reynolds Aluminums are revolutionizing residential building, too.

ALUMINUMS*

armor a vehicle...armor a breakfast



Reynolds Aluminum armor plate gives comparable ballistic protection with less weight than steel armor. Concentration on airborne equipment—light-weight, low-maintenance equipment—puts many Reynolds Aluminums to hundreds of new military uses. M 113 armored personnel carrier, shown above, wears military olive drah colors in active service.



The bright, shining armor of aluminum foil protects breakfast cereals and hundreds of other foods—from soup to nuts—against the effects of harmful moisture and air and light. Reynolds Metals Company is the world leader in development of better packaging with aluminums—modern packaging that makes many modern food marvels possible.

WHY REYNOLDS ALUMINUM?

In the skilled hands of Reynolds, aluminum becomes a material of boundless versatility—many metals, offering a complex of physical properties and forms for a variety of functions—"the singular metal that is very plural indeed."

Each Reynolds Aluminum is designed to serve its purpose better than any other metal. And Reynolds implements this advantage with invaluable customer services: Styling and design services, engineering and technical services, merchandising and sales services.

The record sparkles with successes.

Example: Reynolds Wrap, a product of Reynolds Metals Company, is America's original household aluminum foil—outsells all other brands combined.

Example: America's first mass-produced aluminum automobile engine block is exclusively Reynolds Aluminum. An example of leadership in a product produced by a Reynolds customer. Example: More products by far are packaged in Reynolds Aluminum foil than in any other aluminum foil, for both sales appeal and protection. An example of leadership in packaging research and development.

Example: More new aluminum applications for homes, farms, commercial and industrial buildings have been developed by Reynolds than by any other company. An example of leadership in building and architectural products.

Example: The use of this versatile metal in 1,200 new railroad cars is a major break-through—exclusively Reynolds Aluminum. Another example of the confidence industry upon industry places in Reynolds.

Why Reynolds Aluminums? Because there is a difference in aluminum. Your Reynolds Aluminum Specialists can help you put this difference to work to improve your products and reduce your costs. Call on their help today by contacting your nearest Reynolds office. Reynolds Metals Company, Richmond 18, Virginia.



A headline performer... in his own backyard!

Who isn't! Each of us in his own way is a headliner to his own family. Each of us is unique. Every family is different. Because of this difference, life insurance should be fitted individually to the aims and needs of each family, yours included.

A Connecticut Mutual Life man is a headliner specializing in individual life insurance service. He helps you select the right combination of policies and settlement options from the hundreds CML offers. This way you get the most for your life insurance dollars.

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Beuland M. Quer

As Jonathan Swift told it, Gulliver once knew a man who had spent eight year on "a project on extracting sunchams not of excumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically scaled, and let out to warm the air in raw inchement summers." In these summer weeks, TIME's editors deal with the inchemencies in Cuba, the Concy, Moscow and elsewhere, but happily spend part of every week extracting some summer reading to temper the raw air. Some examples in this issue:

One of the oldest and oddest Christian practices may be beginning a revival in the U.S. Even some Episcopalians are practicing glossolalia; see Religion, Speaking in Tongues.

"Please, Mother," one of her sons once begged, "if someone offers you Mount McKinley as a gift, don't try to move it"; see Arr, Collector's Passion.

For three days the crowd down below watched the two men who seemed as small as flyspecks on a steep, 1,000-ft. wall of crumbling granite. It was an attempt to conquer one of the last great unscaled climbs in the U.S.; see SPORT, Mounting the Diomond.

They cost only a nickel or a dime, but for a while they transferred the nation's publishing capital to the small town of Girard, Kans. and made a capitalist-by-mistake of a Philadelphia book-binder's son; see Press, Little Blue Books.

In Florida, winged émigrés from Africa trailed tourists' cars through the Everglades, looking for a meal; see Science, Long Way from Home.

Is it true that Kennedy had to have Lyndon Johnson on the ticket with him because he can't get into Washington without an adult? Or

that Nixon picked Lodge because conservative Republicans approve of anyone getting out of the United Nations? There's a man who says so; see Show Business, The Third Compaign.

At fast-growing U.C.L.A., where dormitories are going coed, the burning issue was "maximum security"; see Education, Boys & Girls Together.

Some people are rich but they think they are poor, and their condition is incurable; see Medicine, Imaginary Poverty.

On London's Savile Row, debate raged on whether a man's trousers should be his brassière or his hinge; see FOREIGN NEWS, Fit for Kings.

In the growing harpsichord set, the test of a man's technique is whether he has his *Schnellen* properly under control; see MUSIC, The Plectra Pluckers.

It's a world of lobster thermidor at 600 m.p.h., electronic brain radar, moving sidewalks and hotels for parakeets: see Business, Airport Cities: Gateways to the Jet Age.

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" the vicar asks. "No," Humphrey replies, "to be quite frank, I won't"; see Books, A Devil Colled Douglas.

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How Western Electric Helps to Keep Down the Cost of Telephone Service

There are great benefits for telephone users in the fact that the Bell System has its own manufacturing and supply unit

The Western Electric Company is an integral part of the Bell System —an essential member of the Bell System team serving you.

You get some idea of Western Electric's job when you consider this amazing requirement: Western must be ready at all times to produce and deliver to the Bell telephone companies 200,000 different kinds of apparatus and parts for telephone equipment.

The quantity of these items varies over an astonishing range in any year -from one to many millions!

Western Electric's specialized skills and experience are big assets, of course, in doing the best and most dependable job at the lowest cost. But they would be far less effective, and might not have been developed at all, if Western Electric were not a part of the Bell System.

In no other way could it work so closely with the research of the Bell Telephone Laboratories and the needs of the Bell operating companies. The common goal is the betterment of telephone service.

Without Western Electric economies, the price of your telephone service would surely be more and the quality less.

For the savings that Western Electric Company has achieved in manufacturing have played an im-



WESTERN ELECTRIC is the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System. More than 47,000 of its 129,000 employees have been with the company for over ten years. 13,000 for more than twenty-five years. Their experience is one of the company's greatest assets.

portant part in offsetting some of the increases in other costs of providing service. Many of these increases have been due to inflation and are beyond our control.

Helpful in Defense

Because of the capabilities that Western Electric has developed to do its telephone job, the U. S. Government has called upon it for a number of military projects.

We are proud of this recognition of the Bell System, and look upon these projects as a contribution to a great national effort. Serving the public is our job. But serving the nation is our duty. One grows out of the other.

The value of the close integration of Bell System research, manufacture, operation and supply has been proved by many years of successful operation.

No other way would work out nearly so well or so economically for both the public and the country.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



TIME

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CONGRESS

Prepared to do their partian best, Senators returned to Washington in August. It was the first post-convention session since 193, when Harry Truman called back the Soth Congress and denounced it as "donothing." This time it was Congress returning of its own (or its leaders) voiltion because it had not done its work before the Republican and Democratic conventions.

There would probably be "more politics played" than ever before in congressional history, said New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, ranking Republican in the Senate, who as ever was prepared to do his part.

At the First Bong, It was bound to be spectacular, with three out of four members of the ticket in action: Richard M. Nixon presiding over the Senate, John F. Kennedy conspicuous on the Senate floor, aided and abetted by Lyndon B. Johnson in his post as majority leader. Only Henry Cabot Lodge was missing—and he was highly visible over at U.N.

The unfinished business included unpassed appropriations for mutual security and public works. But that was not the stuff to interest the galleries. The Democrats, with their majorities in the Senate and in the House (which reassembles a week later), planned to introduce their platform welfare promises one by one. If the President vetoed the bills, the Democrats would cry that Republicans placed more emphasis on budget balancing than on public needs. As a kind of sideshow to this main act, two Northern Republicans vowed to submit the Democratic civilrights plank as a bill, hoping to watch Southern Democrats squirm.

Republicans were not going to let the Democrats have all the initiative. The President, between his vacation rounds at Newport, prepared a message to be read at the first gavel bang, before Democrats had a chance to do their own politicking. "There is much important work still pending that cannot await the selection and assembly of a new Congress and a new Administration," said Ike, Of 27 measures that he had requested before Congress adjourned for the conventions, he pointed out, only six had been acted upon. He called for an aid-to-education bill, medical aid for the aged, "constructive" farm measures, an increase in the minimum wage. And he added a warning that he would veto bills with unreasonably high price tags: "I shall not be a party to reckless spending schemes . . . I shall not fail to resist inflationary pressures by what-

ever means are available to me."

To Feed the Hungry. Aware that both
Nixon and Kennedy were suggesting that
the U.S. should do more about defense.
the President noted "changing Communist
tactics and attitudes," announced that he
had ordered the armed forces to take

REPUBLICANS Westward Ho!

Richard Nixon was already off and running. Having vowed to campaign in all of the 50 states, he started with the farthest first. After a strategy meeting in Newport, R.I. with vacationing President Eisenhower and Running Mate Henry Cabot



EISENHOWER AT STRATEGY SESSION WITH LODGE & NIXON IN NEWPORT

"certain practical measures" to increase their readiness, called for five new Polaris submarines (instead of three), added that it might be necessary to call for more defense appropriations later on.

Urging congressional support, Ike unwrapped two bold new programs of his own to "promote" free world stability. Both sound ideas, they had an unfortunate late-in-the-day, Interin-the-Adminiscentry of the construction of the construclation of the construction of the conlocation of the construction of the conlocation of the conmillion loan program for Latin America. And to the U.N. General Assembly, he went on, the U.S. would soon present a new food-for-peace plan for using the new food-for-peace plan for using the the construction of the con-"feed the hungry of the world." letting the U.N. instead of the U.S. distribute it. Pat headed west. At a Reno airport welcome. Nixon drew cheers from the crowd by pointing out that Pat, born in nearby Ely, Nev., was wearing a pin that boasted, "I'm from Nevada" (someone had slipped it to her two minutes before). Campaigning smoothly herself Pat get photographed

kissing an Indian papoose.

Leis & Pol. Next came Nixon's own home territory. Los Angeles, Welcomed at the airport by 5,000 cheering people and cade to his alma mater, Quaker-un Whitter College, found the football field jammed with 15,000 greeters. Next morning, on a chartered prop plane (to save the G.O.P. National Committee \$11,000 more than a jet charter would have cost), two days there island hoppine. Xixon campaigned as if the expected Hawaii's three



DICK & PAT NIXON AT LUAU Sticky fingers and a new smile.

electoral votes to decide the outcome in November, He was also testing his style and some of his "impact lines" for future use. Inevitably, he was draped with leis, let himself be kissed by Hawaiian maidens, showed up at a linus wearing a justpurchased electric-yellow sports shirt, ate gluey poi with his fingers in the native manner.

As always, his staff had primed Nison with bits of local knowledge to toss off at opportune moments. Landing on the is-had of Kanui in a rain squall, he smillingly observed that Kanui legend holds rain to be a good omen. At Hilo, on the island wave that desastrated Hilo last May but also the big wave that hit the city back in 1946. On Maui, he tried his tongue on some dattering words in Hawaiian: "Muni no ka o?"—roughly, "Maui is the best of all the islands." It all went over yet!

Republicrat or Democan? Reporters who made the long plane trip with him cabled home informed stories about what kind of campaign strategy Nixon intended to follow. The basic decision was to try to erase the public's old image of a highly partisan Richard Nixon and substitute a new statesmanlike image to appeal to independents. On the trip, Nixon repeated again and again that he intended to "avoid personalities" during the campaign and 'leave the low road to him''-meaning Jack Kennedy, though sometimes, when he accused Kennedy of buying the labor vote, it took a sensitive altimeter to know when the road was low or high. He quickly resumed a high. "The thing I hope you will do," he told a crowd in Hawaii, "is not vote for a party but study the issues and what I sav about them and what my opponent says about them and then make up your mind on the basis of what is best for the country.'

So far did Nixon lean into nonpartisanship that the Republican New York Herald Tribune headlined: NIXON: REPUBLI-CRAT OR DEMOCNA? Such a style may not sit well with Go.P. regulars, Nixon conceded, but he is convinced that since the G.O.P. is the minority party, according to party registration, he must gather in a heavy majority of the independent vote if he is to win in November.

THE CAMPAIGN Battle over Benson

Whatever else they may differ about, Vice President Richard Nixon and Senator Jack Rennedy agree that U.S. farmers have big crop problems—and a big crop of votes. So far, neither candidate has offered any convincing solution for farmers' problems, but both have eagerly set about try-

ing to harvest the votes.

Vividly aware that many angry Mid-



"I HAVEN T GOT THE OTHER DETAILS
WORKED OUT YET."

western farmers blame Agriculture Secretary Eara Taff Benson for the 50% shrinkage in farm income during the past eight years, Richard Nison is bent on from Benson himself, who before the Republican Convention announced his preference for Rockefeller. Fortnight ago Nixon declared that it was "essential" to break away from Benson's policies, called cerned with budgetary costs year by year."

cemed with hungerary coast year of years Besson, the more the Democrats are determined to keep the Benson burden on Nixon's back. In a speech at Monticello, Iowa last week, Lyndon Johnson reminded his audience that Vixon once called Agriculture in our history." Benson's "chief helpers' in aggravating the farm problem, Johnson insisted, were President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon.

At Candidate Kennedy's Hyannisport headquarters, eight Democratic Midwestern Governors and Senators, calling on ment saying that Nison "had participated in the development" of the Administration's farm program. This moved Kennedy to declare that Nixon shetrayal of the Benson farm program program of the Midwestern of

DEMOCRATS

Vital Statistic?

Whether Senator Jack F. Kennedy's religion helps or hurts him politically, news of it is at least getting around. Back in May 1959, reported the Gallup poil last week, only 47% of the public knew that Kennedy is a Roman Catholic; now 84% know!

Parade to Cape Cod

To the other residents of Hyannisport, who prize their leisure and privacy on summer-crowded Cape Cod, the invasion was a horror—gawkers trampling flower beds, teen-agers screeching, out-of-town automobiles cluttering the streets. People begged the town selectmen to set up barricades against the incoming swarms.

John F. Kennedy was beginning his campaign slowly, with his own Cape Cod estate version of Warren Harding's frontporch campaign of 19,26. If he found the process relaxing, practically no one else did, size except the control of the

Adlai Stevenson dropped in to chat, urged all Stevensonians to give Jack the "same vigorous support" that they had given him. Chester Bowles came by too. Those who tried to measure by the warmth of Kennedy's camera smiles whether Stevenson or Bowles was the Senator's preference for Secretary of State concluded from such filmsy evidence that Bowles was more in favor. Iowa's Governor Herschel Loveless huddled with Kennedy about farm matters, showed no sign that he was sore at Ken nedy for dangling the vice-presidential nomination in front of him at Los Angeles and then snatching it away. Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams herded into Kennedy's presence a 55-member delegation representing various minority groups, including the American Indians. Jews, Syrians, Lebanese, Ukrainians, Croatians, Bulgarians, Portuguese, Rumanians, Finns, Hungarians, Italians, French. Lithuanians, Poles, Greeks, Russians, Chinese, Belgians. They listened approvingly as Kennedy promised that no administra tion of his would ever recognize as permanent the Russians' rule of nations now captive behind the Iron Curtain, Kennedy disapproved of "liberation" promises, but said: "We look forward to the day when captive nations will stand again in freedom and justice.'

Along with politicians and minoritygroup representatives, labor leaders and eggheads paraded into Hyannisport. The

United Auto Workers' President Walter

Reuther swallowed all his past unpleasant

remarks about Lyndon Johnson, pointedly

said out loud that L.B.I. would make an

"excellent" Vice President. A delegation

of Kennedy's professorial brain-trusters,

including Harvard's Economist John Ken-

neth Galbraith (The Affluent Society)

and Massachusetts Institute of Technol-

ogy's Economist Paul Samuelson, took a

spin out to sea with Jack aboard the

family vacht Marlin, Kennedy's egghead

advisers have learned, somewhat ruefully,

that he shops among their suggestions with

a cold, practical eve, rejecting more than

he buys ("The professors give us old clichés instead of new ideas," complains

a Kennedy aide). But Jack likes to have

them around anyway to add prestige, a

tone of earnestness, and appeal to liberal

Tax reformers are about as popular in

Texas as temperance preachers at a liquor

dealers' convention. The trouble with tax

reformers, as Texans see it: they often

point accusing fingers at the hefty 271%

tax deduction that the Federal Govern-

depletion allowance, widest and most famous of tax loopholes, costs the U.S. Treasury on the order of \$5 billion a year, and much of that sum stays in Texas, and much of that sum stays in Texas. B. Johnson had to do some tall explaining about the Democratic campaign platform when Texas newsmen cornered him last to "close the loopholes in the tax laws, which was to to "close the loopholes in the tax laws," and the more conspicuous loopholes, "among the more conspicuous loopholes," among the more conspicuous loopholes, "among the more conspicuous loopholes," among the more conspicuous loopholes.

With the ears of Texas upon him, L.B.J. soothingly assured his hearers that the platform must be talkling about other depletion allowances. "The platform pertains only to loopholes," said Johnson, "and I see none in oil."

SEQUELS

The Mourning After

As the last hurrahs of the 1960 Democratic and Republican Conventions faded into the subcellars of memory, not only the public but politicos of both parties were having some strong second thoughts

POLITICAL NOTES

Southern Comfort for Democrats
Rarely, in a time of me-too politics and
an overcrowded middle of the road, are
voters in any state offered a clear-cut
choice between opposite paths. In Tennes-

voters in any state offered a clear-cut choice between opposite paths. In Tennessee's Democratic primary last week, the voters had all the choice anyone could be considered to the constraint of the constraint of Eates Kefauver stood squarely by his liberal record. His opponent, Circuit Judge Andrew Taylor, was outspokenly critical of everything that Kefauver was for or the constraint of the constraint of the conposer of the constraint of the constraint of the contraint of the constraint of the contraint of the constraint of the contraint of the

ear grin and coonskin cap routine, Estes Kefauver has often been dismissed by pundits as an excessively folksy lightweight. But in his battle against "Tp" Taylor, the Keef showed bracing political courage. When Taylor called him a traitor to the South for voting for the 1957 and 1966 civil rights bills, Kefauver defended the bills on the steps of every courthouse where he could draw a crowd. "I shall



KENNEDY WITH REUTHER



WITH LOVELESS



MILH ROMFE



WITH STEVENSON

Also professors for prestige. about the Los Angeles and Chicago ex-

travaganzas. Among the critics:
Paul Butler, outgoing Democratic national chairman, in charge of the Los Angeles show: "Some people were upset

about the lack of decorum on the convention floors. We Americans are not very well behaved in large groups." Republican Keynoter Walter Judd;

"We ought to dispense with the idea of having people in the galleries. Instead, we should put everyone except the delegates outside and let them watch through television. I wouldn't even let the press and television inen wander up the aisles to interview everybody right in the middle of the proceedings. With all these people in there, the whole thing has just gotten too cumbersome."

Florida's Governor Leroy Collins, who chaired the Democratic Convention:
"Participation by the public in demonstration should be eliminated entirely. Strations should be eliminated entirely. The control of the contro

continue to favor the expansion of the right to vote," he said in Memphis, Tennessee's most strongly segregationist city, "until every qualified citizen, regardless of race, creed or color, is able to exercise his franchise." When his enemies circulated a photograph of him shaking hands with a Negro, he cheerfully said: "I plead guilty to shaking hands with Negroes."

Even many of Kefauver's supporters expected Taylor to beat him, in the stirred-up atmosphere of sit-ins and Negro demands for more equality. Only a few days before the primary, the Scripps-Howard Memphis Commercial Appeal, pro-Taylor, made a survey, predicted Taylor would win. The prediction was wildly wrong: on primary day, Kefauver buried Taylor in a 2-fo-1 landslide.

Denial of Backwordness. As expected, Negroes tumed out in force for Kefauver. For the first time since Reconstruction, large numbers of Negroes lined up to vote large numbers of Negroes lined up to vote large numbers of Negroes lined up to vote large numbers of Negroes lined in the Large numbers of Negroes large numbers of large numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of Negroes numbers of the Negroes numbers of Negroes num

The Ears of Texas

voters.



Kefauver & Wife By 2 to 1.

poor rural hamlets and the east Tennessee hills, where Republicans crossed over to vote for him. Editorialized the Nashville Tennessean: "Once again, Tennesseans have proved that the majority accepts the moderate approach to vexing racial problems which confront not only the South, but the nation."

Democrats in Washington happily interpreted Kefauver's logsided victory as a sign that the strong Democratic platform plank on civil rights was not going to hurt them seriously, at least in the middled states. Added a pleased and triumphant states. Added a pleased and triumphant between the states of the states with the states of the states with the states of the states and the states and the states and the states and the states are a backward people, have been proven wrong."

Handicaps Overcome

After a record twelve years as Governor—six two-year terms—Michigan's green-bow-tied G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams had enough, and felt that voters might feel the same way. Last week Michigan's voters, in primary elections, chose a Republican and Democratic candidate for Soapy's well-warmed chair.

Démocrats nominated a protégé of Sapp's who was not the betting favorite. Licutenant Governor John Burley Swainson, a hoyish-looking 55, lost both legs below the knees on an Army night patrol in mine blew up under him. The victory of another legless veteran. Republican Charles Potter, who got elected to the U.S. Senate from Michigan in 1952, encouraged Swainson to enter politics despect have a superior of the patrol special properties of the patrol of the patrol of the patrol special properties of the patrol of the patrol of the patrol special properties of the patrol of the

The G.O.P. gubernatorial primary was uncontested: Michigan's often split Republicans united behind a single candidate, articulate Michigan State University Professor Paul Bagwell, 46. Overcoming a severe attack of paralytic polio, Bagwell became, at 29, Michigan State's youngest professor and, simultaneously, its youngest department head (speech, radio and dramatics). He ran for Governor against Soapy Williams in 1958 and, though it was a Democratic year almost everywhere else, polled a surprisingly strong LOZIF-else, policy a surprisingly strong LOZIF-showing helped convince Soapy that six terms was enough.

Health seemed to be a big issue in last week's primary. In the Senate race, labor-backed Democratic Incumbent Pat Me-Namara, 65, kept busy denying that his recent prostate operation was for cancer. The Republican who was nominated to run against him is also no stranger to physical infirmity: Congressman Alvin Bentley, 41, a multimillionaire by inheritance and an early backer of the late Senator Joe McCarthy, was almost killed on the floor of the House in March 1954 when



Swainson & Wife
Out from under.

three armed Puerto Rican nationalists in the gallery bean spraying the House floor with bullets. The most seriously wounded of five Congressmen was Bentley: a bullet pierced his liver and stomach and a lung. Minnesota's Congressman Walter Judd, M.D. (who fortnight ago keynoted to 190 Republican Convention), administered first aid to Bentley, probably saved his life, Eight weeks after the shooting. Bentley returned to a standing ovation from his House colleagues.

INTELLIGENCE

Security Risks

Even more than the CIA, the National Security Agency prides itself on its secreey and its security. Headquartered behind an electrified triple barbed-wire fence at Fort Meade, Md., NSA is the agency that formulates U.S. codes and tries to crack enemy codes. Behind the barbed-wire curtain last week hummed an unaccustomed turmoil of alarm: two NSA

employees had disappeared. Bernon F. Mitchell, 31, and William H.

Martin, 29, both mathematicians doing statistical code analysis at NSA, went off June 24 on vacation together as usual. Ever since they first met as naval communications technicians in Japan in 1953, they had been close companions. Last Christmas they went to Cuba together. Thinking back on their past behavior.

Ininking back on their past behavior, NSA conceded that it was a bit odd. Martin, son of an Ellensburg, Wash. accountant, made a hobby of hypnotizing people. Mitchell, son of a Eureka, Calif. lawyer, was under psychiatric treatment.

lawyer, was under psychaatric treatment, which all admired bar Mutchell and Martin told their boss that they were off to the West Coast to visit their parents. Instead, they went to Mexico City, checked in at a cheap hotel, told the clierk that they would be stay-told that they have been a plane for Havana. Last week the Defense Department glumly announced that from Custain; and added, as men did not know any important secrets, men did not know any important secrets.

SPACE The Rocket Dreamer

It is difficult to say what is impossible, for the dream of yesterday is the hope of today and the reality of tomorrow.

—Robert H. Goddard

"Why do you ask us about rockets?" said a captured German V-2 scientist to a U.S. interrogator in 1945. "Ask your own Robert Goddard. We learned about

rockets from him."



GODDARD & FIRST ROCKET (1926)
He herolded on age.

TIME, AUGUST 15, 1960





Test Pilot Walker

X-15 RESEARCH PLANE IN FLIGHT
Nine miles up and away it went.

without honor in his own country. Back in 1926. an obscure professor of pits at Clark University in Worester. Mass. he healded the coming spare age by sending an ungainly rocket aloft from a snow-covered field at his aunt's farm in Auburn. At the request of alarmed residents, the Auburn police saked him to get out of toon. His neighbors in Woresett considered him a crackpot, with his talk of rockets to the moon. They called him when he went West to New Messio in search of health and more open space for rocketering.

With financial help from the Guggenheim Foundation, Goddard continued his experiments at Roswell, N. Mex. In 1935 one of his rockets, affectionately dubbed Neil, climbed to 7,500 feet and flew faster years. Cold discovered the basics of later rocket technology—grysosopie stabilizers, fuel pumps, self-ecoling motors, landing devices. When diagrams of the Germans Viz-reached the U.S. in 1044some scennists observed that the intersaction of the control of the

Goddard died in 1945 on the eve of the first U.S. test firings of captured V-2s, leaving behind 22 volumes of meticulous records that proved to be of immense value to U.S. rocketimen. Six estate, Goddard's widow and the Guggenheim Foundation sued the U.S. Government for patent infringements. Last week, in belated recognition of Goddard's genius, the U.S. greed to a settlement of S1.000.000. It was the largest patentseries of the companion of the control of the U.S. Government.

AVIATION

"Gol Gol"

In the cold, rarefied upper atmosphere nine miles above California's Mojave Desert, the B-c; amother ship let go of the stub-winged K-15 research plane and swung away. In his cramped cockpit, greying Test Pilot Joseph Walker, 38, flicked as aeries of switches, and the black needlenosed X-15 seight rocket chambers roared into ferry life. On a high-altitude research mission for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Walker was not

supposed to be trying for a speed record. But he pushed his plane as fast as skill could push it. "Go! Go!" he growled.

Go it did. When Walker bumped to a 200-m.p.h. landing on the sun-hardened mud of California's Rogers Dry Lake ten minutes later, a check of his instruments showed that at his peak speed, just as his last ounce of fuel burned away, he had hit better than 2,150 m.p.h., faster than any man in history had ever flown before.

He Wanted Wings

For one unsettling second U.S. Navy Lieut. John B. Barnes thought that the laws of aerodynamics had suddenly been repealed. There he was, climbing away from the runway at Italy's Capodichino Airport, and on each side of him the wing of his flashy new F8U Crusader jet was turned upright 64 feet from the tips-as if parked on a cramped carrier deck. Why the tower had cleared him for take-off and how his plane had staggered into the air with the outboard wing panels folded up, he could not say, But there was no time to speculate. He rammed the throttle home and clawed for altitude. At 500 ft. he circled cautiously until he could jettison his fuel, then landed with his wingtips still folded.

The Navy was understandably in no hurry to advertise Lieut. Barnes' embarrassment—or its own. But Chance Vought Aircraft, Inc., makers of the plane, thought it too good a story to keep—as if the brief flight proved something special about their plane instead of something forzetful about the man who flew it.



FSU CRUSADER WITH FOLDED WINGS
Surprisingly, it flew.

THE COLD WAR

Melancholy Mission to Moscow After the Russians captured U-2 Pilot Francis G. Powers last May 1, both his wife and his parents asked the Soviet embassy in Washington for permission to go

to Moscow to see him. With the balling arbitrariness that so often characterizes Soviet officialdom, the Russians granted a visa only to Powers' father Oliver, who runs a shoe repair shop in Norton, Va. Powers' wife Barbara, 24, spent three anxious months importuning the U.S. State Department for help, plending with Sovietima popularing the Communication of the Co

Last week the Soviet embassy granted visas to Powers wife and mother, enabling them to arrive in Moscow shortly before the mother of the power of the Moscow shortly before birthday. Four lawyers seeking to defend Powers, including Columbia University's Russian expert, John N. Hazard, were denied visas; instead a court-assigned Soviet lawyer will represent Powers. The airman will face espionage charges in the military section of the Soviet Supreme Court, If convicted, Powers can be seniorable to death. Unless the Russians change their minds, his family will not be permitted to death. Unless the Russians thange their minds, his family will not be permitted to talk with him until after the trial.

MONEY

Fed up with calls from people wanting to sell them pennies, Los Angeles coin dealers quit answering their jangling phones. In Ohio, a man offered a new 1500 Pontiac for a \$50 bag of mint 1500 pennies. In Philadelphia, San Francisco and other cities, banks were experiencing a penny shortage.

The penny panie broke out when a Washington coin dealer told a reporter that new 1960 pennies with flawed date numerals were "the hottest item in the coin business," bringing up to 88 apiece. When the story hit the papers, a post office in New Orleans had to put on seven extra clerks to handle the calls. An eager Philadelphian backed a trailer up to the badful and take his chances. Noblody seemed to be listening when the Assistant Director of the Bureau of the Mint an-

nounced that the pennies in question were not flawed in any way that would enhance their value, that there were many milions of them in circulation anyway, and that they were really worth just $t \neq t$ spiece.

THE CENSUS

Wide Open Spaces

Despite all the babies born during the 1050s. the U.S. is actually less densely populated today than it was a decade ago. The average population density is 50.4 people per sq. mi. as against 50.7 in 150.6 Reason for this paradox. reported last week by the Census Bureau: when sparse-week by the Census Bureau: when sparse-week parameters and the state of the U.S. added 2½ sq. mi. of territory for every Alaskan.

While no other state is as empty as Alaska, some Western states are still pretty roomy by contrast with the populous industrial states of the East.

States with the most per	ople per sq. mi.:
New Jersey	800.2
Rhode Island	798.7
Massachusetts	650.1
Connecticut	513.3
New York	346.2
Maryland	311.3
States with the fewest pe	ople per sq. mi.:
Idaho	8.0
New Mexico	7.8
Montana	4.6
Wyoming	3.4

THE SOUTH

Counter-Revolution

The Negro sit-in campaigns to achieve equality in sitting down at lunch counters won three more victories last week. The new control of the new co

Konsos: Kansas City. Kentucky: Frankfort.

Maryland: Baltimore.

Missouri: Jefferson City, St. Joseph. North Carolina: Chapel Hill, Charlotte, Concord, Elizabeth City, Greensboro, High Point, Salisbury, Winston-Salem

High Point, Salisbury, Winston-Salem.
Oklahoma: Guthrie, Oklahoma City,
Tulsa.

Tennessee: Knoxville, Nashville, Texas: Austin, Corpus Christi, Dallas, Galveston, San Antonio.

Virginia: Arlington and Fairfax counties, Alexandria, Falls Church, Fredericksburg, Hampton, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Williamsburg.

TEXAS

The Imperfect Crime

To his neighbors in Houston's Afton Oaks section, Accountant Joseph Selby, 52, seemed a quiet, law-abiding and prosperous citizen. But Selby had a secret life. He spent a lot of time in the Negro district's "massage parlors," where the masseuses are really prostitutes,

Watching her husband over the years, Selby's wife Wilma found out about his other life. As he told it alterwards, she was forever suspecting him, inspected him nightly for telltale lipstick, once threatend to kill him. Instead, early last year, methodical Accountant Joseph Selby set out to hire somebody to kill Wilma.

Selby's sis-month search for a murderer was filled with bizarer furstations. He paid a woman named Lizzie Lee to find him a killer. Lizzie disappeared without doing the job. Selby next turned to Waitress Lillie Tillama for help, and she, too. failed to find a murderer for hire. So Selby paid Lillie to mail Wilma a box of Selby paid Lillie to mail Wilma a box of Selby and Lillie to mail Wilma a box of took Selby for more than \$z_0.00 and the by mailing unpoisoned candy. In all, she took Selby for more than \$z_0.00 and the selby selby selby the selby s

Selby then told his problems to Patra Mae Bounds, who worked at his favorite massage parlor, and she put him in touch



Conspirators Selby & Maggie Morgan The victim joined in the hymn.

with a Negro fortuneteller named Maggie Morgan, Wax-wigged Maggie Morgan got a promise of \$1,500 from Selby and a kep to his house, arranged for an acquaintance of hers to work in the Selby home as a maid. One day Maggie went to his house to study the layout and plan the murder, found Wilma Selby at home, coolly sat down at the piano to play and sing a hymn, Jeans, Keep Jee Neuer the Cross.

Wilma and the maid joined in the singing. Maggie Morgan intally found a man to do the job, a 3co-lb, hulk named Clarence Collins. One evening Joseph dined by candlelight with his wife at the fashionable Colonial Club. After dimer, at his suggestion, Wilma dropped her husband off downtown, drove on home by herself. When Selby got home his wife was dead, shot twice with a _22-cal_ histol.

But for all his methodical planning, Joseph Selby had confided his ambitions to many people. In an Austin courtroom last week, he was found guilty as an accomplice in the murder of his wife and sentenced to life imprisonment.

CALIFORNIA

The Long Search

The brooding, majestic Sierra Nevada range that thrusts up between the valleys of California and the deserts to the east has on occasion been a deadly barrier to man's fragile aircraft. Confident jets and older prop Johs overly it every day, but hidden among the Sierra Nevada's rocky control of the signature of

Campers and hikers in the Sierra Nevada used to encounter a husky, grimfaced man who haunted the mountains
on an endless search, traveling sometimes
on a ridge now and then to scin the prime
on a ridge now and then to scin the prime
coulars. Many a California outdoorsman
came to know him by his nickame, "the
Phantom Rider." Fewer knew his real
was searching for his som,
was searching for his som,

A Morble Urn, Clint Hester had been friend and companion to his only son Boh. They often hiked and camped together in the Sierra Nevada. When young Bob decided that he wanted to learn to fly, and the state of the

At first Clint Hester was convinced that his son was alives somewhere in the mountains. To help in his search, he got hold of the classified flight plan of the lots 18-24 and the position reports that it had radioded back. The plint's last call. Hester learned, indicated that the plane was then dying somewhere near the town of Lone Fine, twelve miles east of Mount Whitings. In the Lone Then are no began in the plane of the lots of the plane was the lots of the lots of the lots of the lots of his control of the lots of the lots of the ing only when the winter stows blocked the trails, resuming again in the syring.

As hope of finding his son alive faded away. Hester set up a marble um in his backyard in Los Angeles as a memorial to Bob and his fellow crewmen. "The war will never end for us." he wrote to the parents of the lost B-x₄'s pilot. He bought a parcel of land near Lone Pine, built a house there. "Now I won't have to go so far to look for Bob." he said.

An Unnamed Lake. A few years ago, a heart ailment slowed down Hester's long search. One day in February 1950, he said to his wife with a sad, fond smile: "The next heart attack I have, I'll see Bob." That same day, at 63, he died.

Last week, in the high reaches of the Sierra Nevada's Le Conte Canyon, 57 air miles from Lone Pine, two geologists and a park ranger came upon pieces of wreckage wedged among rocks near the outlet of an unnamed lake. In the waters of the lake, searchers found a shattered B-24 and all that remained of Bob Hester and his comrades.

FOREIGN NEWS

UNITED NATIONS

Challenge to Authority

From steamy Léopoldville, five top officers from the new Congo government, leaving chaos behind, came racing across the Allantic Oward Manhattan. In the River, international bureaucrats hurriedly set the stage for an emergency meeting of the Security Council. At the very moment that U.N. troops had seemingly moment that U.N. troops had seemingly low). the intractable problems of hat turbulent land flared into new crisis.

From the start, U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold had handled the troubles of the Congo with brisk diplomatic skill, using them, among other things, to enhance the U.N.'s prestige and authority. But as always, Hammarskjold thority, But as always, Hammarskjold weakness: the U.N.'s inability to counter the threat of force with threat-ened force of its own. When one defiant man—Premier Moise Tshombe of the Congo's rebellious Katanga province—threatened resistance to the U.N. forces, all Hammarskjold's carefully laid plans. To the Security Council, Hammarskjold's carefully laid plans. To the Security Council, Hammarskjold's carefully laid plans.

presented two clear choices as to what to do next. The Council could authorize him to send U.N. forces into Katanga ready to shoot. Or, as Dag plainly favored, the Council could offer Tshombe assurance that the presence of U.N. troops would not be used to force Katanga to submit not be used to force Katanga to submit.

to the Congo government.

Tunisia and Ceylon had already drafted a resolution embodying Hammarskiold's second alternative, but had coupled with it a demand that Belgium withdraw its troops from Katanga. The U.S.-with European fires to watch as well-was reluctant to press harried Belgium too hard, but ready to go along, Soviet Russia, however, seemed to want nothing more than continued chaos in the Congo. Russian Delegate Vasily Kuznetzov dismissed the Afro-Asian resolution as too wishy-washy, suggested to fellow delegates that if the U.N. troops presently in the Congo could not eject the Belgians, the U.N. should send troops that would. The Russians also let it be known that Soviet troops would be only too happy to take on the task.

The bulk of the Security Council members clearly favored Hammarskjold's approach. The Russians, though they might lose no opportunity to prove what vigilant protectors they are of new African nations, almost certainly had no intention of making good on their talk of armed of making good on their talk of armed was a diplomark's kind of crisis; nothing so flamboyant as war was in prospect, but the times required skilled diplomacy so that a new, unready but proud nation could get off to the right kind of start.

CONGO

Katanga v. the World

In the Congo the week began in deeptive calm. Cautiously, Belgian merchants crept back into the cities, taking down the shutters from their shop windows in hasty compliance with the Congo Cabinet's decree that stores and factories must reopen by August 8 or be confuscated, which will be confused to the confusion of the sain interior hardly ruffed Léopoléville's street crowds. Here and there local comBelgians drew from the colony, In Katanga, Provincial Boxs Moise Tshombe stoutly insisted that the Belgians must stay to protect Katanga's self-proclaimed status as a sovereign "republic" independent of Lumunba's government. Even a public Lumunba's government. Even a public troops: the L.X. Humanskijold that the troops: the L.X. Humanskijold that the place the Belgians would not meddle in Katanga's quarrels with Lumumba failed to budge the stubborn Tshomber.

On the Air. As chief of a government dominated by Belgian "advisers" and propped up by a 7,000-man Belgian army,



U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjold Returning from the Congo is resolution the answer to chaos?

manders of the Congo's restive Force Polisique set up a semi-independent potentates. One Sabena pilot on a routine flight. to Stanleyville suddenly heard on flight to Stanleyville suddenly heard of the Fifth Bicycle Battalion' warning sternly. "Do not violate my air space again or I'll shoot you down!" But in the 47 regional centers where they had been the U.N.'s 11,000 troops had no trouble at all keeping the peace.

Louder & Louder. While his bluehelmeted men stood bored guard duty on sweltering street corners and dusty viilage lanes. Day Hammarskjold dickered endlessly with the Congo's erratic politicians. Enouraged by the mercurial remarks of Premier Patrice Lumumba as he woulded his way home from the U.S., the more insistent on the departure of Belgian troops from their bastion in Katanga.

The mineral-rich southeastern province of Katanga in preindependence days supplied 60% of the revenue of the Congo government and most of the wealth the

Moise Tshombe looked mighty like a puper of Brussels. Operating on this theory, Hammarskjold early last week sent one of his aides him of the Belgium with a blunt appeal. Remove your forces from in hours, the envoy flashed back word of Belgian acceptance and Hammarskjold happily went on the air with an announcement that U.N. troops would move into U.S.'s Ralph Bunche flying off to the Katanga capital of Elisabethville as his advance emissary.

But while Congo government ministers jubilantly feeted Dag, emraged Moise Tshombe called for "total mobilization," declared: "Katanga is independent, and will remain independent. The U.N. has no more right than any other country to enter our territory against its will." In which we have a support of the country to the hundreds to join Katanga's "army," and Tshombe's aides sent light planes to drop leaflets over the countryside, urging Katangans to prepare for war. There were



no visible signs of Belgian pressure on Tshombe to give in.

Beer & Orange Pop. When Advance

Man Bunche arrived at Eliabethville in his white U.N. Convair, only two Belgian officials and an honor guard were on hand to greet him. Thombee pointedly waited at his official residence for Bunchés call. There, sipping man the properties of the properties of the present of the present of the present of the 23 hours. Then Tshombe called in the press to declare airliy: "I am conndent no United Nations troops will enter Katanga." If they should, he went on, "the U.N. will bear a conflict bringing discredit on it in the eyes of the world."

Next day a tight-lipped Bunche headed for the airport to await the plane that would fly him back to Léopoldville. When he got to the field, he found a platoon of gun-toting troops, apparently ready to riddle the plane if it proved to contain the vanguard of arriving U.N. troops. Nearby were trucks and oil drums to be used as runway obstacles if more planes arrived. Sensing a delicate moment, Bunche grabbed the airport radio microphone and asked the pilot of the plane heading for the field whether any soldiers were on board. Assured there were none, the Katangans allowed the plane to land. "This is a free country, and we do not want the United Nations here," shouted Katanga's Interior Minister at Bunche as he prepared to depart. "You can refuel your plane and leave!" As Bunche walked up the steps into the plane, the Katanga troops trained their guns on him until the door was closed.

Pursuing Voices. Tshombe might well be attempting a great bluff, very likely would be willing to settle in the end for a semi-autonomous status in a Congo confederation. But he had one strong card. Hammarskiold's mandate from the U.N. members who had sent troops to the Congo did not permit him to commit the U.N. 'army" to battle-or even to a jungle skirmish. For hours after hearing Bunche's report, Dag pondered the strength of Tshombe's hand. At last, barely six hours before the first contingent was due to take off, Hammarskjold canceled orders for U.N. troops to enter Katanga. Cabling ahead to call a special meeting of the Security Council, Hammarskjold boarded a plane for New York.

As he flew westward, angry voices pursued him. At least for the moment, his backdown over Katanga had dented U.N. prestige in Africa. Both Guinea's Premier Sékou Touré and Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah rushed out statements of support for Lumumba's Congo government, offered to mobilize their minuscule armed forces to help throw the Belgians out. "This," announced Touré, "is henceforth the responsibility of African soldiers," But the sharpest cut of all came from the weather-vane Congo government, whose Cabinet only a few hours earlier had voted full confidence in Dag. From Premier Lumumba, still off on his travels, came instructions to his Cabinet colleagues to demand the immediate departure of all U.N. troops from the Congo. After all, he said, "they are only parading in the Congo, instead of aiding us in the evacuation of Belgian troops.

The Female Touch

Even in darkest Congo, female companionship can help to lighten the surrounding gloom. The Congo's harried leaders last week could be grateful for two comely women flitting happily around the candle of fame.

Congolese Premier Patrice Lumumba found soohling companionship in 22-yearold Elyane Vermeirsch, auburm-haired daughter of a Belgian art dealer whom Lumumba first met in Brussels seven months ago, Spotting her at a London press conference fortnight ago, Lumumba mivited Elyane to join his transutlantic turbojet as "interpreter, secretary and advier" for his teneday trip to the U.S. and Canada. "With only "she breathed, "I want to the control of the con

A different kind of impact on Congo affirms was being made by Madame Andrée Blouin, a handsome, 41-year-old mulatto of leftist inclinations, whose steel will and quick energy make her an invaluable political aide as well as round-the-clock companion to Lumumba's Deputy Premier, bespectacled Antoine Gizenga. Madame Blouin had her first flirtation

with politics in her native Ubangi-Shari, then a French colony. She married a former French army officer, and when he wandered off to Guinea on a gold mining job. Madame Blouin went along, and became so enthusiastic about Sékou Touré that she became a close adviser to him, and a kind of Madame de Staël of his revolutionary movement. In time, she shifted her affections to Gizenga and the cause of Congo freedom. She gave it her all. In expensive Paris frocks she campaigned on a left-wing, anti-West platform to help her boy Gizenga. "I am not a Communist," she insists stoutly, "but I am African, and so naturally I oppose the West and its colonialism."



MADAME BLOUIN
"Naturally I oppose colonialism."

Last week Madame Blouin, who now holds the official title of Chief of Protocol in the Congo government, was pedding her views to dozens of Congolese politicians who streamed through her office which adjoins Lumumba's residence. As chief speechwriter for Deputy Premised Gizenga, she also whipped up the tirode against the congolism of the congolism of the Day of the Chief of the Chief of the Chief Day Hammarskield's arrival.

As Patrice Lumumba's plane finally headed south on his return journey to Africa, he parted with Elyane Vermeirsch, bright with purple parasol, lipstick and nail polish, and she quietly headed back to a more prosaic life in Brussels. Those who know Madame Blouin best suspected it would not be so easy to get rid of her.

GREAT BRITAIN

Fit for Kings

Perhaps no critic of London's Savile Row will ever surpass the wartful British nobleman who once rode his horse into his tailor's, and while it messed up the carpe. Too light at the fork and the kneepan, damn you, too bagge verywhere else." Last week criticism in the centuryold sartorial capital of the made world was being heard once again. The topic was still The controversy started when the Duke

of Windsor confided that while he still gets his Jackets in London, he now gets his trousers at Harris in New York. Agreed British Coutrier Digby Morton: "British trousers look flappy. They are too full, too big all over. Pants are to a man what a brassier is to a woman. They give an a brassier is to a woman. They give a life of the control of the control of the control from the recentive agreed that "Savile Row has now taken second place to Italy" with its drainple trouser effect.

Savile Row doggedly fought back. Snapped one tallor snippil; "Digby Morton is a lady's fashion designer, and it's very noticeable in his pants. We have never admired the American seat." Said another: "We can't vouch for the Windshomble Savile Row establishments, a cutter learnedly expounded the theory of the ample trouger let." The said to lift his leg without banging his knee on the front of his router let without the lift his leg without banging his knee on the front of his routers."

Fumes of Privilege. All is not yet lost on Savile Row. the "Colden Mile" made up of some zoe establishments on half a doors street is Mayfair. In a men's-club brass candelabras and roll-top desks, the stops breather—so one historian noted appreciatively—"the fumes of privilege, of cubs, of Torysim." In keeping with the roll-top form on Napoleon III when he mounted the throne of France. Hawes & Curis recently finished a Sopo, gold-braided beauty for Thalland's King Bhumibol, as part of a dard's, cutters have been diligently remaking a draingipet-trousered bohemian



Congo's Lumumba & Belgium's Vermeirsch
"I just love to travel."

into the royal fashionplate that is Antony Armstrong-Jones.

But, conceded the head of one firm, "winds of change are blowing." Last week John Morgan & Co. dispatched swarches Senator John F, kennedy will pick his fall suits. Another firm was making 30 suits for a Texas tyroon. Thirty Savile Row firms now have agents in the U.S., and with American courists. Under pressure from such lucrative customers, most will now cut suits along slimmer American lines, and some have even consented to ums' (cuffs.).

Noble in Purpose. The clash of tastes is sometimes painful on both sides. A Madison Avenue adman, opening the door to one of the Row's austerer shrines, took one look and fled-"I thought maybe I had to be elected." One cutter, gingerly removing a Brooks Brothers jacket from a customer, murmured reproachfully: "Not, I think, one of ours, sir." But despite the awesome atmosphere and the great trousers schism. Americans keep coming to Savile Row for tailoring that is as smooth, in one cutter's words, as "a millpond in a heat wave." For it is hard to resist tailors whose purpose. avows Gerald Abrahams, chairman of the British Men's Wear Guild, is to "make you look stronger and slimmer and younger and richer.

Sunset

When Britannia imperiously ruled the waves, the Admiralty had a settled policy: maintain as many battlewagons as the world's other top two powers combined. In 1918, before the sun commenced to set on British seapower, the Royal Navy boasted 50 battleships. Last week, without ceremony, the navy sailed the last of Her Majesty's battleships, the 44,500-61 ton Vanguard, from Portsmouth up to the Clyde to be broken up for scrap.

Commissioned in 1946, Funguard never fired a shot in anger, and her last commander agreed unabashedly that "battle-ships are out of date." But for Britain's old salis it was a mournful moment; since the first Funguard fought against the Armada, twelve Royal Navy ships have borne the name. And Funguard herself became the same, and Vanguard herself became the same should be s

THE COLD WAR

Khrushchev's Purpose

Three weeks ago, in a polite but daming note, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan wrote to Nikita Khrushchev, "I simply do not understand what your purpose is." It was not the kind of remark to provoke a humble confession of contrition from Khrushchev, and it didn't. Last week came his reply: a letter that Last week came his reply: a letter that the Berlin stalemate, the RB-q-j incident, the Berlin stalemate, the RB-q-j incident, the Congo crisis, the Cuban situation and a few other disturbances that crossed Ni-kita's mind.

As such, it was not a bad reflection of East-West Feations last week. At the U.N., Russian officials raced about lobby-ing among delegates against convening the 83-mation U.N. Disarmament Commission next week, as the U.S. proposed. Alternately hinting boycott and begging support, the Red diplomate talked up Khrustelland and the state of the support of the support



Nuclear Delegates Wabsworth & Tsarapkin
Among a spate of crises, the biggest summit.

for the biggest summit meeting in human history.

The Lonely Visitor, Khrushchev's grandstanding offer, if meant to be taken seriously, casually undercut his dictumreiterated only last week in his letter to Macmillan-that he would never again sit down at a conference table with Dwight Eisenhower. At such a spectacular gettogether of chiefs of state, Russia might find it easier than in a more professional Disarmament Commission session to avoid explaining why the self-styled champions of peace had stalked out of the ten-nation Geneva disarmament talks last June. And if the Disarmament Commission is prevented from meeting, it is prevented from urging the Russians to get back to serious negotiations.

Khrushchev might have something else in mind. The Red leader plans to visit "brave little Cuba," and has been aneling unsuccessful you far-for invitations to visit other Latin American nations, particularly Mexico. By dropping in at the General Assembly—even if no other chief of state shows up—Khrushchev might make his Cuban call seem a less provocative gesture.

Talk-Weary. In the talk-weary halls of Geneva, Soviet maneuvers were just as devious. The nuclear test-ban talks sessions had gotten down to discussing about how many on-site inspections a year would be permitted. The U.S. and Great Britain wanted about 20; fortnight ago Russia consented to three, Though U.S. Delegate James J. Wadsworth rejected the Russian offer as "ludicrous and completely unacceptable," he added hopefully: "At least we now know the range of bargaining." But Russia last week rejected out of hand another U.S. proposal: to pool obsolete U.S., British and Russian atomic devices in developing instruments necessary to detect underground atomic blasts. Since Russia did not intend to carry on any underground detection tests, declared Soviet Delegate Semyon Tsarapkin, there was no need for such a pool.

But despite "Scratchy" Tsarapkin's tough talk, Western delegates still clung to the conviction or hope that Russis would not abandon the test-ban rallis. Their grounds: the Soviet delegations. Their grounds: the Soviet delegations that Russis feels a pressing need for a test ban "before other nations start developing nuclear waepons." And of course the Russians let it be understood that out of the nuclear rear is Red China, where the contract of the Russians are the superscript of the rear the rear the rear that the rear that the rear th

THE ALLIES Who's for Whom?

Who's for Whom?
Around the world, friends, allies and

newsmen were beginning to devote themselves to the study of John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon. For most of them. it was largely unfamiliar territory. So far, the most common preliminary response was to find more similarities than differences between the two candidates (see cartoon). More maliciously, Paris' satirical Le Canard Enchaîné saw the election as "Tricky Dicky v. Johnny the Pinup Boy. And Paris-Jour called it a "fight of middleweights." On the strength of their own interests, their instinctive prejudices and a considerable amount of downright misinformation, the nations of the non-Communist world last week were starting to choose up sides.

In general, those nations that sigh for some way to negotiate an end to the cold war leaned to the Delmocrats; those that believe in the tough line felt better on the side of the Republicans. Formosa's daily Lien Ho Jih Pao suspected that "Senator Kennedy is not mature on the China problem." Many Turks seemed to agree with an Ankara businessman who said: "Nixon was willing to stand up to

the Russians, but we don't know anything about Kennedy." In Britain and the Scandinavian countries, where nostalgia for Adlai Stevenson remains high, much sentiment favored the Democratic They did not know Kennedy, but had lingering doubts about Nixon.

The Adloi Factor. Often the greatest curiosity developed over Kennedy's likely choice as Secretary of State. Indians were excited by the talk that he might to India was an ardent Nehru fan. For the same reason, many Pakistanis leaned toward Nixon. Said one Karachi newsman: "I get cold shivers every time I think of the specter of Chester Bowles West German Chancellor Konrad Ade-West German Chancellor Konrad Ade-

west overlain Cantenen's Rontal Ados as "totally preoccupied" with the possibility that Seventson might become Demosor of the Cantenent Cantenent Cantenent Cantenent "soft" policy on Berlin, Throbbing with suspicion, Ademater Fortnight ago sent his press chief, Felix von Eckhardt, to the U.S., to sound out Adlai's chances, Eckhardt's conclusion, after seeing Kennedy, Stevenson, former New York Governor Averell Harriman, and "using my ears, not with most proposed to the control of the control of the Cantenent Cantenent Cantenent Cantenent Cantenent with the Cantenent Cante

The Esthetic Factor, As U.S. voters have been known to do, many Europeans reached their choice by tortuous paths. Some Italian anticlericals favored Roman Catholic Kennedy because he would "tell off Cardinal Spellman and set an example to our own Christian Democrats." France's tabloid Paris-Jour, after rhapsodizing over Jackie Kennedy's French ancestry and artistic leanings, declared with evident approval that she "wishes to admit to the White House the Latin Quarter, the quays of the Seine and Montparnasse." Quai d'Orsay remembered Kennedy's explosive 1957 speech calling for independence for Algeria.

One feeling that almost all U.S. allies seemed to share was the uneasy (and ex-



"ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER . . ."

aggerated) suspicion that Dwight Eisenhower-and hence U.S. foreign policywould be in a state of drift from now until election time, and that the U.S. had already suffered a fall in prestige. French diplomats talked of "flottement" (vacillation) and the British of "vacuum." politest way of expressing this was the London Daily Telegraph's feeling that Ike was a "consolidator," while Kennedy or Nixon would be "innovators." Under either Kennedy or Nixon, one ingredient of the Western alliance would soon be missing: the so-I-told-Winston and remember-Ike with De Gaulle and Macmillan. But almost everybody seemed ready and eager to trade old palships for new vigor. Declared Britain's Manchester Guardian hopefully: "Whatever happens, both the Los Angeles and Chicago conventions must give America's friends the feeling that they are on the move.'

SICILY

In Darkest Southern Europe

As the ancient steam-driven train from Palermo chugged out of the Sicilitah hill town of Zucco-Montelepre one night last week, four masked men emerged from the week, four masked men emerged from the Guns drawn, they warned the lone mail clerk not to move or they would kill him. Ripping open mail sacks, they collected \$19,000, then jumped from the train, leaving the clerk trussed up on the Montelepre's rickety railroad station, which is cerily lit by flickering oil lamps, allowed as how he had seen the men before the holdup, might have been able exertifiely.

Charity Begins. . . . To Sicilians, the connection between frontier-style crime and economic backwardness is more than a mere alibi. In an era when the downtrodden of Asia, Latin America and Africa make more drastic claims on the world's sympathy, Sicily, the home of one of Europe's oldest civilizations, gets scant foreign attention. But of Sicily's 4,700,-000 people, 900,000 are officially classed as totally destitute, 1,200,000 more "semidestitute." In Palermo, a recent neighborhood survey found 498 people (74 of them infants) crowded into 118 rooms. There was only one toilet in the whole area. In the villages, life is no better. In Palma di Montechiaro in western Sicily. 65% of the inhabitants are illiterate, live mainly in shacks or caves.

Oul of such poverty and 1,000 years of rule from the outside has emerged a society utterly contemptous of formal law. One area of Sicily recently tallied Many were blamed on the Mafa, "the honorable society" that originally functioned as a kind of resistance movement to government by foreigners. Though the honorable society "that originally functioned as a kind of resistance movement law of the power of t

judge—much of Sicily's violence is as simple and stark as passion and avarice. For dispensing its brand of justice, the Mafia is handsomely paid. In Licata, probably Italy's most debt-ridden town, Mafia usurers charge interest as high as 1,20% monthly.

The White Hope. In Giuseppe di Lampedusa's bestselling novel The Leopard, a character remarks: "In Sicily it doesn't matter about doing things well or badly. The sin which we Sicilians never forgive is simply that of 'doing' at all. Danilo Dolci, the erratic but militant Italian reformer who settled in Partinico and runs a series of private settlement houses for slum dwellers that have stirred Italy's conscience, believes that Sicily should import a team of U.S.-trained sociologists to study the roots of Sicily's distress so that economic aid might be made more effective. Most of Sicily's own spokesmen simply call for that standard 20th century nostrum; rapid industrial development of the island.

In fact, though Sicilians characteristically feel victimized by whatever Italian government is in power, Rome, since World War II, has been generous to Sicily. To provide jobs, the government's Cassa per il Mezzogiorno (Fund for the South) has approved \$600 million worth of public works, damming rivers, building roads and electrifying villages. To encourage private investment. Sicilian industry has been exempted from taxation. Result: in 1959 alone, 119 new enterprises opened. The giant Montecatini chemical combine has invested \$150 million in Sicilian plants and mines. Then there is oil. Six years after Sicily's first strike. Gulf Italia last year drew 1,400,ooo tons of oil out of the rocky soil of Ragusa.

Pockets of Change, Thanks to such changes, although a century late, Sicily has begun its own industrial revolution. On the east coast, around Augusta, oil refinery cracking towers blend against olive and almond groves. At dusk oilworkers, pockets ajingle, promenade in the piazzas, eying the girls. But despite the glowing statistics cited by Italy's planners, the pace of Sicily's industrialization is nowhere near adequate to its needs. Corruption, superstition, and dissatisfaction flourish. Violence is so near the surface that what began last month as an orderly trade union demonstration in Palermo turned into a rampaging riot in which a crowd of 30,000 overturned cars and buses, smashed and looted store windows.

ALGERIA

Murder on the Beach

All along the 45 miles of coast running from torrid Algiers west to Chenoua Beach, bungalows and cabanas were crowded with sun worshipers. Moslem and European alike. On the coastal roads autos moved bumper to bumper with only an occasional armored car to serve as a reminder that this was Algeria and



CHILDREN OF PALERMO
As simple as passion and avarice.

not the French Riviera. Then a wisp of smoke rising on the mountain behind Chenoua Beach raised a forest fire alarm. After beach police rushed off to the fire, F.L.N. terrorists went to work.

One of them, wearing the uniform of the loval French-officered Harki troops. stopped a car on the highway and shot its driver dead. About 30 other terrorists sprang from the woods and set upon the crowded coastline. They kicked open several cottage doors and machine-gunned people inside. Bathers caught out in the open were ordered not to move; some were picked off by the rebels, a survivor later related, "like so many rabbits." When French armored cars rushed up 15 minutes later, 13 bathers lay dead or dying, and another 30 wounded. Soon 6,000 French troops poured into the area. but not one F.L.N. rebel could be found.

The mussacre at Chenoua Beach elimaxed the worst week of reble terrorism in Algeria since June 1957. It stemmed from rebel rage at the breakdown six weeks ago of preliminary truce talks beween France and the T.L.N. Since hen, Algeria's many uncommitted Moslems that "the F.L.N. is finished." The massacre at Chenoua might not endear the rebels to their fellow countrymen—many Moslems were appalled—but it was not was not yet to be counted out.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Nasser's Fury

In Egypt it was "Hate-Iran Week." Fortnight ago, President Gamal Abdel Nasser summoned home his ambassador in Teheran, and Iran's ambassador in Cairo was ordered to leave Egypt with hardly



PRESIDENT NASSER No tolls.

time to change from pajamas to street clothes. To speed the harried ambassador on his way, an Egyptian court attached the Iranian embassy's furniture as security for a tradesman's bill.

Nasser was moved to wrath by a recent, Nasser was moved to wrath by a recent of the control of

Iran's oil need not travel through Nasser's Suez Canal. It can be unloaded at Israel's Red Sea port of Elath, on the Gulf of Aqaba. This week a new, 16-in. pipeline across the Negev desert will connect Elath with Israel's big refinery at Haifa. Designed to carry 1,700,000 tons of oil a year, it can in time be stepped up to a 5,800,000-ton capacity. Since Israel itself uses only 1,500,000 tons of oil a year. the Israel pipeline offers the possibility of sending Middle East oil products to Europe without paying Suez Canal tolls or being subject to Nasser's whim. Before a political rally in Alexandria. Nasser accused the Shah of being a tool of "imperialism," and, in classic fashion, all but invited the Shah's subjects to assassinate their king. Egypt's Ministry of Religious Affairs directed imams to preach sermons against the Shah as a "traitor to Islam." and Nasser urged his fellow Arab nations to withdraw their ambassadors from Teheran too, So far only Saudi Arabia has agreed, and on condition that all other Arab League nations made it unanimous,

In Washington last week World Bank President Eugene Black announced that there was "a good chance" that his organization would give the Israeli economy another boost by lending Israel \$27.5 million toward construction of a \$46 million Mediterranean harbor at the old Philistine port of Ashdod. The port would handle Israel's growing citrus trade, as well as products (potash, phosphates and other minerals) now being extracted in growing volume from the Negev description.

SINGAPORE

How to Catch a Millionaire

Out of the jungle 30 miles from Singapore one morning last week stumbled a tired, filthy, quaking figure. Inquisitive Singapore detectives found Rubber Magnate Eng Hong Soon singularly unhelpful. By following the underworld rule of silence and paying out \$50,000 ransom. Eng of one of the kidniping angus but have lately been making life miserable for Sinappor's 10-00d Chines millionaires.

In the past ten months, kidnapers have grabbed six millionaires and three wealthy children. One eleven-year-old boy is still missing after seven months, and a merchant named Koh Eng Pang bled to death in the front seat of his car after trying to fight off a kidnaper's ambush. More typical of the pattern was the case of Ong Cheng Siang, the chairman of a bus company, who disappeared last April while on the way home in his Mercedes-Benz, From the kidnapers the family got his car keys and a terse set of instructions. After paying a record \$170,000 ransom, they got Ong back alive as promised. He was dumped out, hands bound and eyes taped, on a lonely country road.

So boldly do the Singapore kidnapers strike that the millionaires have given up favorire haunts: no more nights at the manalysis of the strike that the manalysis of the strike that the strike the movie-mough that the strike the movie-mough that the strike the s

Whatever happens, the millionaires do not call the cops. Last April, after Biscuit King Lee Gee Chong was snatched from his limousine only too yards from his home, the family called in the police and then missed the rendezvous with the gang; Lee's wire-trussed body turned up a few the probability view as many kidinapings have actually taken place as have been reported.

Last week, though still too leary to take up a police offer of bodyguards, the millionaires joined in a campaign to make kidnaping on the island punishable by death (present maximum sentence: ten years in prison). Complained one tycoon: "Singapore business has been greatly affected. We do not have the peace of mind to concentrate on our affairs."

JAPAN

Chinese, Go Home! When fo-year-old Economist Hayato

Reda succeeded hapless Nohusuke Kishi as Premier of Japan three weeks ago, a hopeful gleam lit up Peking's eyes. Though Ikeda, of course, was avowedly pro-American, he had once expressed enthusiasm for a revival of Japanese trade with China. Peking thought a little buttering up might pay off.

Off to Tokyo's Sixth World Conference Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs went a 15-man Red Chinese delegation headed by vertern Windows! Liu Ningheaded by vertern Windows! Liu Ningpeking's purposes: Japan relived its sorrowing memories on the 18th anniversary of the cloud over Hiroshima that killed men than 2000 people in one Bashmer than 2000 people in one Bashneighbor was. Red China's Premier Chou En-lai dropped in at a Swis embassy reception in Peking to lecture hosts and guestion Red China's professed devotion

Communist delegations, however, have a talent for invincible insensitivity. Arriving at Tokyo's Haneda Airport. Delegate Liu announced that he brought Red China's "hearty congratulations to the Japanese people for preventing the Eisenhower war-planning visit and overthrowing the Kishi Cabinet." And at the anti-bomb conference, Liu and Japan's Red-lining Chairman Kaoru Yasui congratulated each other on "a series of victories over American imperialism" in a manner so heavyhanded that participating organizations ranging from the Japan Federation of Youth to the Federation of Housewives threatened to withdraw from the conference unless the "political manipulation" stopped.

Retiring to their hotel rooms, Liu and his fellow delegates then settled down to



CHOU EN-LAI

waiting for what they anticipated would be a parade of Japanese businessmen and politicians seeking a new Tokyo-Peking accommodation. But the parade never took place. Instead, even those Japanese newspapers that had sympathized with the Iune riots against Kishi proceeded to lambaste the Chinese delegation for "intervention in Japan's domestic affairs.' Snapped Tokyo Shimbun: "The June demonstrations were manifestations of the people's anger against the Kishi Cabinet not against Eisenhower. This Chinese delegation was expected to improve Japan-Peking relations. Instead, it has aggravated them.'

Premier Ikeda and his government were not happy about their guests either, Originally, the Japanese Foreign Office had promised to extend Liu & Co.'s visitors' visas if they behaved. At week's end the Foreign Office let it be known that "in present circumstances" the Chinese delegation would probably have to leave Japan on schedule this week.

RED CHINA Spear & Shield

The foremost novelist of Communist China is a Vanque Valley Angute Valley schoolar's son who calls himself Mao Tun. The name sounds exactly like the Chinese words for spear and shield—a combination which, according to a literary tradition 2,500 years old, signifies contradiction Last week, as Red China's "creative work-ers" met in the shining new Great Hall of the People for Peking's Third National Ort Peking Third National Courses of Writers and Artists, Mao of contradiction.

In his zos, when he was already established as a novelist in the new vernacular style, Mao Tun was one of Chiang Kai-shek's most effective pampheteers. Kai-shek's most effective pampheteers, left, The slashing novels he then wrote (Midnight, Refore Dunan) against foreign imperialists and thieving landfords made him the most widely read young man of letters of the day; their sharp critical edge Communism might be Chian's best hope.

The Communists made Mao Tun, a mon-Communist, their Minister of Culture, and sent him shuttling around the world to peace and cultural congresses. At Peking's Second Congress of Writers and Artists in 1953, he proded his fellow Red lettermen: "The heroes of our fiction are drab and colorless creatures of abstraction. Many of our artists still lack dictions in our social life. They turn our rich experience into one-sided affairs, modeled to fit an arid formula."

Last week, when the writers gathered again, Mao Tun was preaching the un-abashed arid formula: "Praise the general line, the people's communes and the tremendous forward leaps," he urged his colleagues, "Unmask U.S. imperialism, which is feigning peace while intensifying war preparations," Production has been good, he said—almost twice as many works had been published in China in the past four

years as in the previous six, including such lyric flights as;

Chairman Mao, father of us all, After seeing you, I shall grow younger, braver

And my songs will flow on forever, Like the Lantsang River,

There was one curious literary note that Mao Tun failed to mention. In 1958, the year of the great economic leap, the Writers and Artists Union announced plans for a literary leap as well. Mao Tun, like others, was assigned his quota; one long novel, two of medium length. As



NoveList Mao Tun No tales.

everybody in the audience knew, Mao Tun has produced no novel since. In fact, the pen of China's most important living novelist has been curiously still ever since Communism took over.

NORTHERN RHODESIA Refreshing Shift

With the hot gales of Congo nationalism blowing next door, the rulers of the sprawling, white-dominated Rhodesias were casting nervous glances at their own restive African populations. In copperloying South African miners have settled by the thousands, the government has sought to ward off the independence virus among the blacks by marshaling troops along the Congo border, churring out leaders into detention. Last week, in a refreshing shift of

tactics. Northern Rhodesia's legislature passed a law that promised to be a milestone in race relations in southern Africa. In the capital of Lusaka, where in the past Africans were required to make their purchases through hatches at the rear of shops, the legislative council passed a bill barring further racial discrimination in Northern Rhodesia's hotel dining rooms,

cafés, movie houses and other public places. Businessmen who can prove they have suffered a heavy loss of white customers by allowing Africans to trade will be compensated by the government in the first twelve months.

NYASALAND

Smiles That May Not Last

In a continent where complex constitutional problems breed and sting like mosquitoes, no place has a more complex problem than Nyasaland. A British protectorate, Nyasaland is a stringbean sliver of hills whose 2,720,000 African inhabitants are desperately determined to dissolve their homeland's 1953 forced merger with the two Rhodesias into the whitedominated Central African Federation. Fortnight ago, when delegates from Nyasaland and Britain sat down in London's ornate Lancaster House to debate a new deal for the little land, experts predicted failure. Peppery little Dr. Hastings Banda, idol of Nyasaland blacks, had threatened to walk out if his demands for complete African political control of Nyasaland were not accepted, and white representatives seemed certain to veto anything he suggested. Miraculously, the delegates last week arose from their labors with broad smiles, even if they might prove short-lived.

Credit for the smiles belonged to Iain McGodeld, Britain's able Colonial Secretary, who four months ago freed Banda from a Rhodesian jail and allowed him to re-enter politics. When you released me from prison," Banda told Macleod in London, "you were sticking your political neck out. You won my confidence completely—completely, without reservation."

Trading on Banda's gratitude, Macleod firmly presented the conference with the principles for a new Nyasaland constitution, among them provision for a legislature reflecting Nyasaland's African majority but safeguarding the minority (20,-000) whites and Asians, With something for everybody in Macleod's package, bargaining began. In eleven brisk days, agreement was reached on a new legislative council in which the Africans would have 20 of the 33 seats, although a franchise based on income, property and literacy would limit the electoral roll to only 100,000 Africans. In return, Banda agreed that for the time being the executive council should have only an advisory role, leaving the British Governor as top dog.

As the talks ended, Nyasaland's leading white delegate, A.C.W. Dison, turned
to Dr. Banda and glowed: "Do call me
up as soon as you get back, and let's have
a cup of tea together." But within 24
a cup of tea together." But within 24
that he had only postponed his more extreme demands: "I am coming back to
England very soon. And next time, I
shall say, 'Now, Mr. Colonial Secretary,
I want this and this and this." Such
bluster might only he meant to reassure
a further question. A reporter pressed
a further question. A reporter pressed
a further question. A reporter pressed
for the properties of the properties.

Nyasaland ten years away? "Half that," replied Banda confidently.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

All-American Grab

Fidel Castro last week amounced the inforcible expropriation" of \$5 pon million worth of the total \$1 billion U.S. investment in Cuba. The effect was to complete the seizure of U.S. property that, until now, the Castroites had only "intervened" in (meaning taken over to operate). The only U.S. property presumable left unonly U.S. property presumable left untwo nickel plants.

As a dramatic stage for his announce-

As a dramatic stage for his amouncement, an aling Fidel Castro used the final Nouth Congress at the Havana basehall Stadium. From the moment he slowly climbed the steps to the speakers' platform in the glare of the night-game lights, in the stadium of the stadium of the stadium form in the glare of the night-game lights, the control of the stadium of the stadium of the sease (sign was a many the stadium of the sease (sign was a many the stadium of the stadium) stadium of the stadium of the stadium of the stadium ging the lapsels of his cost together, running his hand over his face. When he got engerly from his seat, to his thinself engerly from his seat, to his thinself

Castro struck the theme of his talk immediately, lashing out at the U.S., as the "evil of America." But after 30 minutes of harred, his voice failed, and his brother, and the minutes of the minutes of the minutes of the minutes of the minutes, and in the minutes, until seeked, carried on for 25 minutes, until seeked, carried on for 15 minutes, until seeked, carried on for 15 minutes, until seeked, carried on for 15 minutes, until seeked, carried to for 15 minutes, until seeked, until seeked, carried to for 15 minutes, until seeked, carried to for 15 minutes, until seeked, until seeked, until seeked, until seeked, until seeked, until seeked, unt



CASTRO AT YOUTH CONGRESS
Can a revolution falter?



RAUL CASTRO & JACOBO ARBENZ IN HAVANA A showniece on TV, a braggart in his cups.

earlier promised to pay for seized property with 20-year bonds, but there has been no sign of them.) Playing to the crowd, Castro said he would pay off the bonds to U.S. owners with 25% of the value of all Cuban sugar sold for 54x a lb. in the U.S. in excess of 3,000,000 lbs. a year—in other words, with the income he is not going to get from the preferred sugar quota the U.S. has withdrawn from Cuba.

IIIs of the Maximum Leader

What ails Fidel Castro? The diagnosis so far, according to word passed along by one of Castro's consulting physicians, is that Cuba's Premier has a complex of ills of the lower alimentary canal, including hemorrhoids, diverticultits of the colon and an abscess with fistula.

Diverticultis results when waste matter becomes fixed in small, hernia-like outward bulges of the intestinal wall that some bulges of the intestinal wall that some because the waste of the color A fixed is an absorption and parter and form an abscess outside the wall of the color A fixed is an absorption and parter and the because the becau

Castro's aides are apparently going on the theory that it would be unseemly for the Maximum Leader to admit susceptibility to such unmentionable ailments. When he failed to show up at a rally a month ago, they summed up his ailment as "only a touch of pneumonia in the left lung." That evening Castro put on an army jacket and sat up in bed to reassure a TV audience that his doctors had merely ordered him to rest. A fortnight ago he stood in the rain to address a rally in Cuba's eastern mountains, remarked hoarsely that he still was not well, and vanished again. This time his doctors announced cryptically that he needed not

Similar to some symptoms of colon cancer

only physical rest but complete mental rest as well. Castro was moved to secret seclusion.

As an intimate friend of Castro explains it, the recommendation of mental rest stems from Castro's current mood, Castro. says the friend, has entered a period of mysticism, and is eager to withdraw from the day-to-day world of misunderstanding, defecting friends and tedious government. He wants to retreat into the hills to write poetry (he has tried his hand at it and does well) and meditate. "I am leader of an American revolution." Castro told his friend recently, "not chief of a small country's government." But the mood is plainly related to his physical ills, and does not preclude a vigorous return to power when he feels better.

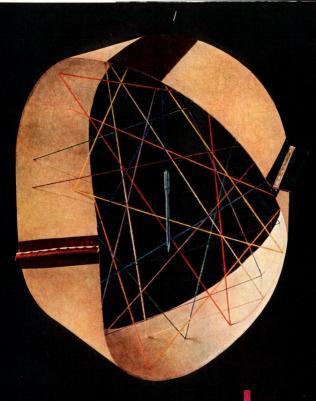
Spiritual Home

Chtti lately, Guatemans former President Jacobo Arbenz has emjoyed lonely notoriety as the only head (until his downfall) of a Communist-dominated government in Latin American history. Now he may have to share the title with Cuba's Fidel Castro. Last week, visiting Cuba, Arbenz felt so much at home that he decided to move in permanently.

In 1924, Incing the invading forces of U.S.-backed Reble Carlos Castillo Armas, Arbena abandoned the presidency to make a panicky dash for safety in the Mexican embassy. He thereby won the scorn of a militant young Argentine leftist then temporarily living in Guatemala—Ernesto ("Che") Guevara. Said Che, who is now Casters's one-main brain trust: "If Jacoba taken himself to the streets and fought."

Leaning heavily on his spirited and strongly Marist wile Maria Cristina (nicknamed "Maruca"), Arbena left Mexico, alighted briefly in France and in Switzerland, where \$2,000,000 of Guttemaling government money reportedly waited in a numbered bank account. Then Moscow for several months, but the Russians sized him up as a lightweight. Marxist-wise, Leaving his two doughters Be really refreshed ... enjoy a FLOAT with COKE!





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in a Russian boarding school, he headed back to the Western Hemisphere, landing in Montevideo in May 1957. Politically, he observed the rules of asylum by masking his Communist contacts as Russian language lessons. He indulged his love of cognac in all-night drinking bouts, threatening to flatten anyone who dared doubt his boxing ability. When he left on his Cuban junket three weeks ago, Maruca, who had urged him to go, stayed behind.

As a possible spearhead for spreading Castro's influence to Guatemala, Arbenz is likely to prove of small value. Guatemala's leftists tend to consider him a quitter and a has-been. Instead, Arbenz will continue the role of propaganda showpiece that he began last week before the cameras of Havana's Televisión-Revolución. "Latin America was jolted by the intervention of North American imperialism in Guatemala," he said. "The Guatemalan situation will not be repeated in Cuba. When a people is so united and determined to win, when it has leaders so self-denving, audacious and brave, when it . . .

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC In Retreat

Trujillo is in retreat. Last week the 68-year-old Dominican dictator emptied his desk and closed his office in the National Palace where-whether officially President or not-he has ruled the country for 30 years. He fired his brother Héctor, who for the past eight years has been stand-in President. He sent his son Ramfis, the onetime tabloid-headline playmate of Kim Novak and Zsa Zsa Gabor, off to Geneva to "advise" the Dominican delegation to a trade conference. He bounced two lesser Trujillos from high government jobs. And he named himself chief Dominican delegate to the United Nations

In as President the dictator put a longtime henchman, Joaquín Balaguer, 53. lawyer, diplomat and lately Vice President. With his customary rich sense of irony, Trujillo then paid an official call on Balaguer, which featured a 21-gun salute for Trujillo. But Balaguer's acceptance speech to Congress contained an enigmatic reference to the fact that "a regime now 30 years old . . . cannot disappear overnight.

Rafael Leonidas Trujillo's retreat, by taking him out of stage center, left him less vulnerable to the growing pressures against him. They are: certain censure at the midmonth meeting of the Organization of American States for his attempted assassination of Venezuela's President Rómulo Betancourt, Washington's feeling that he is an embarrassing anachronism. disapproval from the Roman Catholic Church and opposition from the formerly tame middle and upper classes. If necessary, he can retreat further to the safety of the U.N. corridors in Manhattan, If at that point prudence indicates that the chief Dominican Republic delegate better not go back home, he will have got out alive, safe and rich.





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PEOPLE

Thailand's ex-Premier P, Pibulsonggrom, 63, onetime dictatorial Thai field marshal who was booted from power in 1055; was ordained as a Buddhist monk in Bodth Gaya, India, Father of six grown children, Pibulsonggram took an oath of celibacy before a golden image of Buddha. In keeping with Buddhist doctrine, he was not required to divorce his devoted wife. Mmc, La-iad, a renowned femiliar

The Chicago Sun-Times' wandering Newshen Glenna Syse spent 39 minutes with Author James Thurber, left with the conviction that he is "the funniest man alive." In an epigrammatic mood. Thurber ranged free and easy over-by count-39 subjects. Glenna's sampling included a Thurberism on age: "I'm 65 and I guess that puts me in with the geriatrics. But if there were 15 months in every year, I'd only be 48.0 That's the trouble with us. We number everything. Take women, for example, I think they deserve to have more than twelve years between the ages of 28 and 40." On the forthcoming election: "It's accusation time in Normalcy. And in spite of the nominations. my mother is voting for Lindbergh." On martinis: "One is all right, two is too many, three is not enough.

Indonesia's President Sukarno worked his face up into a "say prumes" expression as a Soviet gift-bearer pinned a Lenin Peace Medal on him. The ruble equivalent of the prize: \$35,000. As Sukarno saw it, the honor was fitting recognition of his overflowing "love for humanity."

"I don't object to nudity," explained Musicomedienne Carol Channing. But after watching an undraped contingent of Folies-Bergère dolls at the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas, Carol asked out of her \$100,000-a-year contract with the Tropi-

 $\,^{\otimes}\,$ Bad arithmetic: Thurber would be 52.



SUKARNO GETTING PRIZE For the love of humanity.



Dulles Taking Ease with Lady Bird Johnson "But how can you get worried?"

cana that called for an eight-week appearance this year and next. The nudes were "just wonderful," she insisted. "The trouble is, if I were to work in the same show—as the management wanted—I would just flop. There's no sympathy in the Folies. I can't get laughs until an audience is with me, and I can't get them with me if they have their minds on nude girls."

It was all settled: Heavyweight Boxing Champion Floyd Patterson would fight Swedish Challenger Ingemar Johansson in a third bout for the title. Date: Nov. 1. Place: Los Angeles, But last week, the man who counts most threw a haymaker at the plan, Said Champion Patterson; "I might fight Johansson before Nov. 1 or after Nov. 1, but I'll not fight him on Nov. 1." Why was he so sore? Well, for one thing. Patterson first heard the news from a gas station attendant, who heard it on the radio. Then there were the promoters. Feature Sports, Inc., and their counsel, Lawyer Roy Cohn, 33, who has come a long way from the Cohn and Schine days with the late Senator Joe McCarthy, Declared Patterson: "Cohn thinks I'm an insolent, dumb backwoodsman. Before the last fight, my lawyer asked Cohn if I shouldn't see the fight contract. And Cohn said, 'Floyd? Can he

Eighteen weirs after he designed the WAVES unfforms for the U.S. Navy, Chicago-born Couturier Moinbocher, a youthful 69, got a formal token of appreciation from the ladies he clad so smarty. In Dallas, he was given the Navy's Meritorious Public Service Citation—the Navy's scond highest civilian award and Navy's scond highest civilian award and Said Mainbocher (real name: Main Rousseu Bocher): "It was not an easy assignment, One problem I did not have—color. It had to be Navy blue."

Journeying to Hyannisport, Mass, some weeks ago, the Central Intelligence Agency's hearty Director Allen W. Dulles briefed Democratic Candidate Jack Kennedy on the dark doings behind the Iron Curtain and elsewhere, as instructed to by was moved to multer. "He keep giving all this terrible information. But how can all the many and the man

Groping for a new-angle tourist attraction, the Calabrian mountain resort upon an "Oscars of Two Worlds" theme, upon an "Oscars of Two Worlds" theme, whooped it up as an affair honoring two disparate callings of folks—actors and scienists. But there was chaos at the village's annual ceremonies last week when the twain met. Appearing in a low-cut the wain met. Appearing in a low-cut



Loren Escaping Admirers
For bridging the twain.

on their shoulders, was rescued kicking and bellowing by the cops. In the confusion, the Oscar for medicine went to Sophia, and a West German medical researcher, Professor Johannes Kellin, who should have got it, got a beauty prize instead.

To 293 Americans, living and dead, who helped Japan advance from feudalism to democracy in the past century. went a special commendation from a committee of 14 Japanese business and political leaders. Among those honored (they or their survivors got a certificate of appreciation and a lacquer picture of the first Japanese ship to visit the U.S.): Commodore Matthew Perry, who opened up the country to the world; President Ulysses S. Grant, who aided Emperor Meiji's modernization program; John Foster Dulles, who negotiated the Japanese peace treaty; Architect Frank Lloyd Wright, who built Tokyo's quakeproof Imperial Hotel; General of the Army Douglas MacArthur; Mrs. Elizabeth Vining, ex-tutor of Crown Prince Akihito; and three Rockefellers, the late Philanthropists John D. Sr. and John D. Jr., and John D. Rockefeller III, head of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Britain's Marathon Walker Borborg Moore, 56, a vegetarian dietitian who is staying in shape in order to bear a child when she is 100, followed her transcontinental U.S. hike with a 400-mile stroll in Australia and casually announced plans for another bunion-building exercise; she will now walk around the world. But this time, said Dr. Moore rather waspishly, she will make sure that no young whippersnappers like those British Army sergeants in the U.S. will be around to crab the act, She will announce no future routes until 24 hours before starting. "I will not say where I will walk. If I do, someone will try to get ahead of me.'

After less than a month on the job. Butler Thomas Cronin gave notice to his employers, Britain's Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones, took his leave of Kensington Palace with seven suitcases, two trunks, several brown paper parcels and his favorite armchair. The princess was "more than charming," allowed Cronin, a steel-grey 44, but Tony was somewhat less ideally cast. He and his butler had "differences of opinion, a clash of personalities," said Cronin sadly, The master had a habit of summoning him by vulgarly snapping his fingers, insisted that he be called "sir," as he didn't like to be called "Mr. Jones." Unkindest of all, said Cronin, Tony had taken over his job: "I was not allowed to employ my staff. I didn't pay them their wages, and many other matters were not left in my hands as they should have been." Recalling his salad days as butler to U.S. Ambassador John Hay Whitney, Cronin wistfully pointed out that there he had supervised 37 embassy servants. "That," said he primly, "is the right way to run a household."

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SCIENCE

Song from the Moon

Since 1946, when U.S. scientists first bounced radar signals off the surface of the moon, the poor old man in the moon has been the target of constant electronic bombardment from earth. Last week the clear, familiar strains of America the Beautiful, broadcast from the Iet Propulsion Laboratory in Goldstone, Calif., were picked up three seconds later in Holmdel, N.J. after a 500,000-mile round trip to the moon. The dramatic experiment was staged by Bell Telephone Laboratories to demonstrate new equipment with which Bell hopes to bounce signals off a string of "passive" gyroscopic satellites. Launched by rocket, these inflatable spheres would circle the earth at a 3.000mile altitude, serve as microwave relay stations for intercontinental radio, telephone and television signals.

Long Way from Home

Wandering through a Florida meadow in the spring of 1932, amateur Birdwarther Richard Borden spotted a curious sight: among a grazing herd of cattle was a floridate of the spring of the spring sprin

The egrets' migration to the Western Hemisphere is one of today's most fascinating ornithological puzzles. Never had a land bird migrated 3,000 miles across the ocean from Africa and settled successfully on the other side. The cattle egret is a strong flyer (30 m.p.h.) and a notorious wanderer. But most of its earlier nomadism had been confined to Africa and Europe, where it has been spotted among herds of cattle all the way from the British Isles to the Cape of Good Hope.

At first, omithologists speculated that the birds had hitched a free passage on cattle boats to South America. Now the prevailing theory is that sometime around the turn of the century—when they were fissiphed in the Guianas—a single flock of the birds, migrating from Senegal northward, was trapped in an easterly gale, blown off course clear across the Altonavard, hardy survivors nested, reproduced and moved north to the U.S. about 1941 in ever increasing numbers.

In its new environment, the cattle egret has flourished surprisingly well. Flocks of 200 to 300 can be seen in Puerto Rico: the bird is common in Haiti. Florida is experiencing an egret explosion: two years ago. Florida's cattle egret population was 5.000; today it exceeds 15.000, and the sociable birds have been spotted in every state along the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. One wanderer, apparently lost, flew aboard a ship 200 miles off the coast of Newfoundland; another was shot by a farmer near Portland, Me. who complained it was upsetting his chickens. In the mud-and-mangroves Everglades National Park, where there are no cattle, the wily egrets trail tourists' cars, trapping insects stirred up by the moving tires.

Dimmest Dwarf

Colleagues sometimes tease Astronomer Willem J. Luyten of the University of Minnesota by calling him a "stellar mortician" because of his passionate interest in dying stars. Luyten does not mind the ribbing: the faint pinpoints of light that he studies are the end products of stellar evolution and hold many secrets of the evolution and hold many secrets of the nuiverse. Recently, Astronomer Luyten found the dimmest star yet: a minuscule "white dwarf" that emits 30,000 times star in the sun, yet probably contains an equal or greater mass. "This one," he says, "looks to be at the end of the line."

The Componion. The first white dwarf was found when mid-oph century astronomers noticed that Sirius, the bright-set star in the sky, wabbles slightly, and theorized that it revolves around another star too close and din to be seen separately. Latter astronomers, using more sophisticated telescopes to eliminate the glarificated redescopes to eliminate in glarification of the second series of the second series of the second series of the second series of the series of the second series of the series of the

Studying the Companion's orbit around Sirius, they proved that its mass is 96% of the sun's, yet it gives 400 times less light. At first they thought that it was an average, sun-sized star that gives less light because of low temperature. But by 1915 astronomers were able to prove that its surface is really hotter than the sun's and gives three times as much light per square inch. If a star's surface is bright but the star as a whole gives off little light, then the only possible conclusion is that the star must be small. The Companion turned out to be only about 25,000 miles in diameter, and into this comparatively modest volume the star's whole sunlike mass had to be crammed. The astronomers' amazing conclusion: the Companion of Sirius is made of material that weighs 2,000 lbs. per cubic inch.

Degenerate Matter, Though seemingly incredible, these figures for the Companion have withstood all attacks, and astronomers, particularly Dr. Luyten, have since found many white dwarfs even smaller and denser. The current theory is that they are stars that have burned nearly all their hydrogen, turning it by nuclear fusion into helium and heavier elements. With the hydrogen gone, the star contracts. As its mass concentrates into a smaller volume, its gravitational field increases in power, eventually growing strong enough to compress the material near the star's center into "degenerate" matter whose electrons and nuclei have been pushed close together. Dr. Luyten does not know definitely

Dr. Luyen does not know cunnery the size or mass of his latest white dwarf, but he believes that it weighs at least ten tons, or 20,000 lbs., per cubic inch. It could conceivably weigh as much as 1,000 tons per cubic inch, in which case a chunk of star no bigger than a grapefruit would weigh more than the \$4,000-ton Queen Elizabeth.

The ultimate fate of a white dwarf.

says Dr. Luyten, is to grow slowly dimmer and smaller. After billions of years, its light will change from white to yellow, then to red. Eventually it will die, and the product will be a black dwarf: a cold sphere of degenerate matter weighing as much as the sun, but smaller than most planets and giving no light at all.



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MEDICINE

Cancer & Cigarettes

Can heavy cigarette smoking cause lung cancer? If so, are cigarette manufacturers liable for damages? In U.S. District Court in Miami last week, these questions went to a jury for the first time. The upshot: a Solomonic verdict in which both sides could claim victory.

Miami Contractor Edwin Montholeum Green began to cough up blood around Christmas 1955. On Feb. 1, 1956, he was diagnosed as having lung cancer, too far advanced to be removed by surgery. Green died early in 1958. soon after he had given a deposition to Lawrence V. Hastings, a physician and attorney.

Said Green: he had smoked Lucky Strikes for 25 to 30 years, usually two packs a day, but sometimes up to three packs. On suits against the American Tobacco Co. by Green's estate and his widow Mary, totaling \$1,500,000. Judge Emett C. Choate charged the jury to answer a series of dependent questions.

11 Did Green have cancer originating in his left lung? The jurors' answer was yes, 2) Was this cancer the cause or one of the causes of his death? Yes again, 3) Was the smoking of Lucky Strikes a proximate, or one of the proximate, causes of the cancer? A third yes, 4) Could the American Tobacco Co., on or before Feb. 1, 1956, "by the reasonable application of human skill and foresight, have known that cuers of Lucky Strike eigarettes, such contracting cancer of the lungs?"

The jury concluded that the issue was still moot at the time, so it answered no. Result: Green's widow and estate were not entitled to damages.

In Esther's Name

Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?

-Jeremiah 8:22

Baltimore-born Spinster Henrietta Szold, at 4g, was hearthroben because a romance with a rabbinical scholar had come to an end. As halin, her mother suggested a trip to Gilead, What Zionst in 1000 made her personal troubles seem trivial. In Jerusalem's Old City, she saw a child's trachoma-dimmed eyes covered with files, and when she asked the mother when the contract of the contraction of the contract of the co

On her way home. Herrietia Saudi wondered whether the files must always return, whether trachoma need be as prevalent as the common cold, whether men and women must forever be debilitated by mainutrition and malaria. To her, the answer lay in Jeremiah's second question. The second properties of the properties of the control of Purm in February 1912, Henrietta Saudi rallied U.S. women Zionists into an organization she called Hadassah (original Hebrew name for Queen Esther), made the betterment of Palestine's health its prime goal.

Plague ofter Plague. Last week 254 physicians, 51, aruses and 1,552 other staff members of the Hadassah-Hebrew University Medical Center poured out of Jerusalem to the nearby village of Ein Karim. reputed birthplace of John the Baptist, to dedicate a \$51 million build. As the property of the property



HENRIETTA SZOLD (1860-1945)
She answered Jeremiah.

Henrietta Szold's birth, that medicine has come a long way in Israel,

The first Hadassah nurses sent to Palestine had rough going under the Turks. who regarded them as missionaries. In World War I Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis urged Hadassah to send a full medical unit to the war-torn land. In the summer of 1918 the unit found Jerusalem's population down from 50,000 to 26,000; men, women and children half naked and only half alive, fought in the streets for scraps of garbage. Plague followed plague: malaria, typhus, influenza, cholera, dysentery, and the dread Black Death itself. Sent to Tiberias by British General Allenby, a Hadassah team found cholera rampant: the townspeople were using Sea of Galilee water to cook with. to swim in, and to bathe their dead.

Cooking Up Words. Because she was a pacifist, Henrietta Szold herself at first could not get into British-mandated Palestine. She at last persuaded Viscount Samuel, the newly named High Commissioner, to use his influence, Once in, she stayed there most of her remaining 25 years, and proved herself an organization dynamo. In the years from 1922 through 1931, Hadasshi's volunter medical services spent more money (\$44,5000 to \$65,5000 a year) than the mandate \$65,5000 a year) than the mandate opened scores of hospitals, clinics and mother-and-child welfare station.

By the time the state of Israel was born in 1948, the infant death rate, which had been 140 per 1,000 in 1918, was down to a Western-world normal of 29. Trachoma among schoolchildren was down from 40% to 1%.

In 1930 Hadassah moved to a new medical center on Mount Scopus. There, for a time. Arab royalty from Jordan, Iraq and Saudi Arabia got modern medical treatment unavailable in their homelands. But the 1948-49 war left Mount Scopus a no man's land, and the medical center sits empty. The new hospital at Ein Karim, designed by Austrian-born Architect Joseph Neufeld, is needed to replace it. To save nurses' steps, the main patient building is semicircular. Two of its nine floors are underground, in case Ein Karim too becomes a battleground. For its synagogue Marc Chagall has designed \$120,-000 stained-glass windows, to represent each of the Twelve Tribes.

The women of Hadassah have by now raised a total of almost \$200 million. two-thirds of which has gone for medical services. Israel has 4,700 physicians—the world's highest doctor-patient ratio—and a fine school for training new ones.

Imaginary Poverty

For most of the world's poor, povery is real, and so omnipresent that they can think of nothing else. But there are also a few oddballs around who suffer from "imaginary poverty." Dr. Archibald Beatson observes in the British Medical Iournal. Theirs is a true psychosis, says the Worthing (Sussey) physician, because it includes two delusions: 1) that they can not afford necessities, when in fact they can be also be a sufficient of the sum of the property of t

This emotional disorder, Dr. Beatson notes becomes commoner with advancing age. Almost uniformly, victims have no hesitation in spending heavily for costly coats and dresses, new home furnishings and holidays abroad. But they hate to spend a penny for underclothes, bed linen, help in the house, nourishing food—or a doctor's services.

Dr. Beatson cited two cases. A man worth more than \$10.000 based of laying out \$1.20 for a cruise ticker but,
ing out \$1.20 for a cruise ticker but,
balked at paying 14¢ for holeser avaccination. A woman with \$55,000 was disconsolate because Dr. Beatson would not
prescribe toilet paper for her so that it
could be paid for by Britain's National
Health Service, Concludes Dr. Beatson;
"I know of no treatment for this illness."

"I know of no treatment for this illness."

THE PRESS

Children in Power

When Cuban Premier Fidel Castro, the Caribbean's No. 1 nihilist, recently invited France's No. 1 existentialist, Playwright Jean-Paul Sartre, down for a look-see, Sartre was only too happy to go. The beretful of observations he brought back made strange reading in Paris's big (circ. 1.400,000), dead-center daily, France-Soir.

Observed Sartre, trying hard to be friendly: "The revolution is irreversible, The truth is that there can be no Left or Right today; the revolution, through the unity of its practical action, is perforce



NOVELIST SAGAN IN CUBA Aimez-vous Cuba?

its own Right and its own Left." If a few mistakes have been made, blame it on youth. "The greatest scandal of the Cuhan revolution is not the expropriation of the planters, but the accession to power of children. Since a revolution was necessary, circumstances bade the children accomplish it. Touring the islands, I have met. dare I say it, my sons. No one is totally qualified in Cuba to do what he does. But nobody worries, because qualification comes with success, disqualification with failure.

Sartre also discovered that one of Cuba's primary passions was shame: shame at the way the Yankee tourists, spending all those dollars, had treated Cuba like a dance-hall girl-"and shame, as Marx pointed out, is a revolutionary sentiment. The beards must win, concluded Sartre, and their shrewdest strategy is in making the U.S. the villain: "If the United States did not exist, perhaps the Cuban revolution would invent it: for it is the United States which conserves the freshness and originality of the revolution.

Not to be outdone. Paris' weekly L'Express commissioned one of France's rank-

ing Left Bankniks for similar duty. It sent 25-year-old Françoise Sagan, confector of adult bedtime stories (Bonjour Tristesse, A Certain Smile), off to Cuba in low-heeled shoes. Her considered opinion: Cuba-shmooba. In her first installment, published last week, she took weary note of the countryside from the train bearing her to a camp rally in the Sierra Maestra mountains. Castro perked her interest a bit. He was "strong, smiling." But after the briefest of stavs, Author Sagan left Havana, confided to a friend: "Cuba was dull. I couldn't wait to get out."

The Helpful Press

Chicago, which has swallowed as much violence without blinking as any other big city, draws the line at child murder, Ever since Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold murdered 14-year-old Bobby Franks for the fun of it back in 1924. Chicago newspapers greet any child murder with a special kind of front-page fury. It sells papers, and, in the view of editors, may also help to keep crime investigators on their toes. Last week Chicago's newspapers had another chance to show the process at work.

The body of a five-year-old girl was found strangled in a weed patch near suburban Wheeling. The story was frontpage news in all four Chicago papers, as it would be in most cities; but in Chicago, for days afterward, the story shoved

aside everything else.

Soon the reporters swarming over the story were exceeding the investigators in zeal. Two days after the child's body was found, the Cook County sheriff's office took a 13-year-old boy out to the scene of the crime. He had broken out of a detention home on the day of the murder and had been caught several hours later.

The police apparently did not consider the boy a hot suspect, but the press did. Next day, the Chicago Tribune ran a staff artist's drawing of a youth, based on descriptions furnished by friends of the little girl, who had seen the youth talking to her just before she disappeared. The portrait was a remarkable likeness of the 13-year-old boy the police were holding. Over at the Daily News, Reporter Jack Lavin, 30, wangled an interview with the boy and shot an abrupt question at him: "Why did you kill that girl?" According to Lavin, the boy answered: "What will

happen if I tell you I killed her? OUR REPORTERS SET STAGE FOR SOLU-TION, bragged the Daily News. The Tribune, with equal modesty, credited breaking the case to its staff artist. It was all in the best Front Page tradition.

Little Blue Books

One winter's day in Philadelphia 56 years ago, 15-year-old Emanuel Julius invested a dime in a paperback edition of Oscar Wilde's The Ballad of Reading Gaol. It was, as it turned out, the wisest investment of his life. As Julius recalls in The World of Haldeman-Julius, an anthology

of his writings published last week (Twayne Publishers of New York: 288 pp.; \$4). Wilde's poem did something to him. "Never did I so much as notice that my hands were blue, that my wet nose was numb, and that my ears felt hard as glass, I thought, at the moment, how wonderful it would be if thousands of such booklets could be made available.

In time it was not thousands but millions. During his lifetime. Emanuel Iulius -or Haldeman-Julius, the hyphenation he assumed after marrying Anna Marcet Haldeman-sold more than 300 million copies of his Little Blue Books, mostly for a nickel apiece, in one of the most successful mail-order businesses ever conceived.

The Cerulean Stream, To many readers a generation ago, the publishing capital of the U.S. was the tiny southeast Kansas town of Girard (pop. 2,500). whence Haldeman-Julius' Little Blue Books issued in a smudgy, cerulean stream that sometimes reached 65,000 a day. In newspaper ads from coast to coast he ran his enticing list of titles-eventually more than 2,000-and invited readers to clip the coupons. Among those who did were the late Admiral Richard E. Byrd. who took a supply to the South Pole, and a Texas oilman who bought 14 packages of 700 books each (total cost: \$486.50) to ensure his grandchildren a rounded education.

These and millions of other readers were lured not only by the biggest little bargain in publishing-a Little Blue Book measured 34 in, by 5 in., contained anywhere from 32 to 128 pages-but by a catalogue as racy as it was comprehensive. Haldeman-Julius gathered his titles largely from the public and the public domain. combining sex with the classics, selfimprovement with sex-all mailed in plain wrappers. Over 40 years, Little Blue Book



Champagne in Kansas,

editions of 29 Shakespearean plays sold 5,500,000 copies—but one sex-instruction pamphlet alone, What Married Women Should Know,* produced a total sale of 750,000.

When a book sold less than 10,000 copies a year, Haldeman-Julius often revived it by giving it a more provocative title. After Fleece of Gold, the Gautier story, was retitled The Quest for a Blonde Mistress, the market rose from 6,000 copies to 50,000 a year, Haldeman-Julius hired a stable of writers to grind out popular themes; by far the most profile was an apostate priest in London, Joseph McCabe, who wrote on anything, and even words at the rate of 10,000 at week.

words at the rate of 10.000 a week.

Capitolist by Accident. The millionaire
proprietor of this Midwest publishing emproprietor of this Midwest publishing emor an immigrant Russian-Jewish bookbinder, Emanuel Julius left school with a
grammar school education, drifted around
in the free-thinking Socialist currents of
his time. He tried reporting for Socialist
newspapers in Milwaukee and New York.
in 1955 went out to Girard, Kansa., to help
resuscriate Appeal to Reason, a morbinate
resuscriate Appeal to Reason, a morbinate
ter Haldeman, a Girard banker's daughter, the borrowed \$250,000 from her to
but the caper.

Haldeman-Julius changed the name twice and personally pumped 70,000 words a month into the paper. Although he kept it limping along for years, Haldeman-Julius had long since fallen into prosperity as a publisher. One day in 1010, on a whim, he printed several thousand pamban, he printed several thousand pamban, he printed several thousand pamban, and the several thousand pamban the several thousand pamban the several thousand pamban the several thousand pamban the several through the several thousand pamban the several through through the several through the several through the s

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After the Acets, Blue Book asles devised.

After the Acets, Blue Book asles devised.

After the Acets and Acets and

Top seller in a popular category that included What Married Men Should Know, What Every Young Man Should Know, What Every Young Woman Should Know, What Every Girl Should Know, What Every Boy Should Know, What Women Past Forty Should Know.



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SHOW BUSINESS

COMEDIANS

The Third Campaign

(See Cover)

The citizen has certain miseivings. "Pol. itis saide," he wonders, "is Richard Nison worth \$100,000 a year? I admit his chances look pertity good, but what about ours?" Waging a sort of personal third campaign, he has captious yee on Hyannisport as well. "The choice is between "Some people claim Nison is trying to sell the country, and Kennedy is trying to sell the country, and Kennedy is trying to yell. The Los Angeles convention I

nightelub circuit that includes San Francisco's hungry; Chicago's Mater Kelly's, Manhattan's Basin Street East, he is carefully monitored by fellow comedians and politicians; and his Los Angeles TV shows during the Democratic Convention made him the most entertaining voice within reach of a microphone. This fall, new territory will be opened up by Sahl when he launches a national tour, with the Limeliters providing a folk-song counterpoint to his humor:

Revolt Against Pomposity. In the view of his followers, Mort Sahl represents a new and growing feeling, described rather

MORT SAHL AT MISTER KELLY'S

"Is there any group I haven't offended?"

had a hunch about how things were going right from the start, when the minister delivered the invocation and said, 'A little child shall lead them.' You know, Kennedy had to have Lyndon Johnson on the ticket with him because he can't get into Washington without an adult. And Nixon picked Lodge because conservative Republicans approve of anyone getting out of the United Nations, Right? Right."

"Right!", echoes an almost fanatical following—dedicated fans who are sure that by Election Day Comedian Mort Sahl will have reduced the major candidates to will have reduced the major candidates to few odd wisps of singed hair. Often introduced in nightchubs as "the next President of the United States," Sahl is unlikely this year to achieve his stated ambition to overshrow the Government. That will take appeal is anything but universal. But he is the freshest comedian around; he is a permanent and popular attraction in a breathlessly by Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. as "a mounting restlessness and discontent, an impatience with cliches and platitudes, a resentment against the materialist notion that affluence is the answer to everything, a contempt for banality and corm—in short, a revolugating pemponity. Salti's popularity is an ence, trenchancy, saltire, a dean break with the nast."

At 33. Mort Sahl is young, irreverent, and trenchant. With one eye on world news and the other on Variety, he is a volatile mixture of show business and politics, of exhibitionistic self-dedication and a seemingly sincere passion to change the world. The best of the New Comedians, he is also the first notable American political satirist since Will Rogers.

"Whenever there is a political bloat, Mort sticks a pin in it." says Hubert Humphrey. Among his constituents Sahl counts Adlai Stevenson, who sees him regularly when Sahl is in Chicago. Says Adi: 'I dote on him.' Sahl contributed a joke bank that John Kennedy drew on for his witty performance at last November's Al Smith Dinner, once discouraged a Nixon worker who approached him for a similar purpose. As for President Eisen—possibly because the comedian refers to Press Secretary Jim Hagerty as "Ike's right foot."

But Sahl is no court jester to the Democrats; he often wounds Democrats and often amuses many Republicans (among them: Herb Brownell); he picks off any and all targets in what Kennedy last week called "his relentless pursuit of everybody."

The Heovy Steel. As a topical satirist, Sahl has relatively few U.S. models to draw on. Stunted by frequent periods of political apathy on the one hand and by a chronic, expanding-frontier optimism on the other, political satire has never particularly thrived in the U.S., with some notable exceptions.

In colonial America, Thomas Morton had the undiluted courage to hate Puritans and say so, calling little Miles Standish "Captain Shrimp," Between Thomas Morton and Morton Sahl, most political satirists shielded themselves with pseudonyms and fought with fairly heavy steel. Charles Farrar Browne, city editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, set himself up in mid-19th century as the cracker-box philosopher Artemus Ward, announced that the D.C. after Washington stood for "Desprit Cusses," and advised President Lincoln to fill his Cabinet with show-business types since they would know how to cater to the public. Mark Twain was often deserted by his light touch when he contemplated politics, though he contributed a pair of memorable definitions: a Senator is someone who "makes laws in Washington when not doing time"; and "public office is private graft.

Finley Peter Dunne, whose Mr. Dooley is the alltime choice of many political connoiseurs, swaddled his man in an Irish dialect that mangically permitted him to dialect that mangically permitted him to Rockefeller 'a kind iv society fir th presention iv crotoly to money,' and had a skill at reworking slogans that has turned up again in Sahl. "Hands acrost th' sea and into somewaris pocket," said Dooley. Seep to out of Mars."

Will Rogers, the country-boy conscience of the '20s and early '30s, who insisted that "there is no credit in being a comedian when you have the whole government working for you," could be biting, but most of the time he was jovially rustic where Sahl is urban and hip. Rogers was lovable, and even his fans do not claim that quality for Sahl, But in his own way, Sahl has taken his place on the center line of the Ward-Dooley-Rogers tradition. The Depression and war years produced only minor political satire. Among comedians, Bob Hope -who still typifies the older, machinetooled and essentially safe topical jokemight crack about Eleanor Roosevelt's



SAHL & TOP DEMOCRATS AT PRE-CONVENTION BANQUET IN LOS ANGELES*
"You shouldn't send a kid up on a plank like that."

never staying home; Fred Allen liked to say that Tom Dewey seemed to be eating a Hershey bar sideways. But satire on the whole was caught between social protest and safe, sponsor-tested lampoons. With Mort Sahl, political satire has come alive again.

Verbol Mobiles. Says Sahl mockingly:

"The intellectual voice of the era—
which is a good measure of the era—
thin as good measure of the era—
thin as well be. Bright and nervous, frenetic,
full of quick smiles and dark moods,
shouting "Onward. onward" between
laughs, performing in a cashmere sweater,
always tieless, he manages to suggest
barbecue pits on the brink of doom.

Holding a rolled newspaper in his right hand, flashing baby-blue eyes and a wolfish grin, he states his theme and takes off like a jazz musician on a flight of improvisation-or seeming improvisation, He does not tell jokes one by one, but carefully builds deceptively miscellaneous structures of jokes that are like verbal mobiles. He begins with the spine of a subject, then hooks thought onto thought, joke onto dangling joke, many of them totally unrelated to the main theme, till the whole structure spins but somehow balances. All the time he is building toward a final statement, which is too much part of the whole to be called a punch line, but puts that particular theme away

The U-2 was still smoldering in Sverdlovsk last spring when Mort Sahl began smoldering in Los Angeles. Building toward the big one, he waved the Examiner choppily, noted that Khrushchev had threatened war, "Then he modified it. He said, 'There will be no war for six to eight months, R.S.V.P.'" Still, K. always had the initiative, and Washington was just sitting around like a neglected girl, with Herter fretting: "Has he called today?" Returning to Pilot Francis Powers' possible fate ("They'll let him go to please the French"), Sahl again skirted off the subject to note that some religious groups believe in capital punishmenteven though they made a very large Mistake once.

MISTAKE OHCE.

Dozens of similar cracks, far and near to the downed plane, some made up on the spot, others refashioned from earlier monologues, clustered about the main stem before Sahl decided the time had come. Nathan Hale, he said, regreted that he had only one life to lose for his country. But Powers, ignoring that suicide needle, merely said: "This shatters all my

Counterpoint to Loughter. When Little Rock entered the news, Sahl approached the theme from various byways, one of which was his fondness for sniping at the President: a critic had said that if the President is critic had said that if the control of the control



Bob Hope & Friend Is he worth \$100,000 a year?

istration, you have a lot of problems of policy, like whether or not to use an overlapping grip." Wild laughter always greeted that one, but with a nod and a nervous chuckle, and a characteristic "It's true, it's true," he would slide off into a skein of digressions, usually with an aside for interested conservatives, telling them that they could get the Chicago Tribune anywhere in the U.S., "flown in, packed in ice," Following Stevenson in Africa, he reported that the natives were suspicious of Adlai's quick smile and thought he lacked warmth. Then, circling back toward Arkansas, he would press on to the famous line that put Little Rock into permanent he admitted, "but I wouldn't want him to marry my sister.'

Talking jumpily and a little like a phonograph record running too fast, he sprays his monologues with far-out terms such as chick, drag, gasser, cool it, bug, dig, weird-o and all that jazz. He also mixes in a never-ending supply of phrases parodying academic jargon ("We must learn to differentiate between generic and relative terms"). Between jokes, he draws on a fat little glossary of verbal rialtos that counterpoint the laughter, indicate his attitude to the material. "Wild, huh?" he will say, standing in the ruins of his most recent target, or "You can't go too far, fellas," or "Is there any group I haven't offended vet?"

Oratine Coulds. Stall works out every ince himself calmough be rarely writes anything down, and in collecting material buys newspapers and magazines by the long ton. Skimming, dipping, darting from heddine to picture caption, he reacts like a pellet of pure sodium dropped in a glass of water, always has some fresh material for each new audience of the news, and a routine remark at a presidential press conference might come out as a caricature of the sort of bromide Sahl thinks the

* From left: Thomas Finletter, Sahl, Stuart Symington, Jack Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, Paul Butler.



SAHL'S PARENTS
"It's all fixed."

Administration is forever administering: "The President says the Russians are terrified of the Turkish cavalry."

While politics is always the trunk line, his humor ranges everywhere, Crases craze him. His masterpiece on hi-fi ends with a family living in their garage and using the house as a speaker. When he read that house as a speaker. When he read that possible them to have a support of the possible them to have been a support of the possible them to have been a support of the possible them to have been a support of the possible that the possible them to have been a support of the possible that the po

Some of Sahl's jokes are rather rarefied. Once he began talking about a fellowout a fellowout for the same and the same and the same and the never use signa but preferred his own never use signa but preferred his own initials instead. When someone laughed a Sahl looked up in surprise and said; "If all of the you understand that joke, you don't befong here. You had better call the Government at once; you are desperately needed."

necotion the Trampolin. Mort Sahl often points out that he more or less ignores the facts to get at the truth, and no set of facts could be more misleading than those surrounding his birth. It occurred on May 11, 1927 in Montreal, where his father kept a tobacco shop. Although that might suggest a solid burgher back-that might support that might support that the solid s

ment to make him sure that he had the art, but his failure to make a living in his field turned him into a black cynic whose philosophy is "It's all fixed," and "They don't want anything good."

Mort's mother, on the other hand, is an intractable optimist. On this trampolin Mort was raised, an only child, soaking up skepticism and idealism, respect for creativity and contempt for show business. His father's retreat to the tobacco shop in Montreal was soon followed by a new retreat to a government clerkship in Washington, and eventually by his return to Los Angeles, this time as a clerk for the FBI. From 21 little Mort liked to stand behind the radio and shout through it his own version of the news. At eight he hung around radio stations, picked up discarded scripts from the floor or out of garbage cans, read them into a dummy microphone he had made for himself at

In high school, younger and thinner than most of his classmates, and usually alone, he found a haven inside an ROTC uniform, wor it every day everywhere—always with field jacket, so that no one could see from the shoulder patch that could see from the shoulder patch that the should be should be

two weeks in uniform before his mother took him home. Noting all this, Harry Sahl began pondering a military career for Mort—a secure field one or two light-years from show business—and initiated frontones to military history when he got a Congressman to agree to give Mort an appointment to the U.S. Military Academy. Mort Sahl at West Point seems roughly twice as hard to imagine as Dought D. Eisenhower (West Point, 15) and the control of the control of

Poop from the Group. Long before Sahl could take the West Point exams, he could no longer take the U.S. Army, Drafted after graduation from high school, and assigned to the gard Air Depot Group in Alaska, Private Mort Sahl grew Group in the Sahl grew Group, how As straight days of from the edited the post newspaper Poop from the Group, won 83 straight days of K.P. for his editorials discussing various types of military payols.

Discharged in 1047, Sahl went to Compton College and the University of Southern California, got his bachelor of science degree and started a master's thesis on city traffic flow in his new field, public administration (Harry was sure it would be safe). But his collision with the social sciences was even more disillusioning than his romance with the military, "I couldnt',

A SAHL'S-EYE VIEW: The Unfabulous Fifties

Publication of Yalta Papers: They should come in a loose-leaf binder so you can add new betrayals as they come along.

Korea: The turncoats were steadfast. They refused to give anything except their name, rank and the exact position of their unit.

Ike's First Election: We need a man on a white horse. Well, we got the horse, but there's nobody on him.

All-Purpose Answer to Accusations by Senator McCarthy: I didn't mean to be subversive, but I was new in this community and I wanted to meet the

Un-American Activities Committee: Every time the Russians throw an American in jail, the committee throws an American in jail to get even.

The AEC Lifts J. Robert Oppenheimer's Security Clearance: All right. Doctor, turn in your brain.

Folk Singers: They wear velvet shirts open to the navel. But they have no navels. This is the ultimate rejection of mother.

Robert Sarnoff Appointed Chairman of NBC: It's a great American success story. He started with native ability, and suddenly his father took a liking

Neil McElroy Appointed Secretary

of Defense: A great blow to daytime radio. Lung-Cancer Tests: There is a moral

question here—whether or not mice should smoke.

Nixon in Russia: If he doesn't get

Nixon in Russia: If he doesn't get along with them, he'll be in trouble, because over there he can't call anyone a Communist and hurt their career.

Missile Gap: Maybe the Russians will steal all our secrets. Then they'll be two years behind.

Cape Canaveral: Disneyland East.

Bomb Tests: Contamination without representation.

1958 Democratic Landslide: The election wiped me out. There wasn't anything left to talk about because we have Utopia. With Byrd, Eastland and Faubus, what can go wrong?

Nelson Rockefeller: He is promising that if elected he will give the kids Little League polo.

1960 Democratic Civil - Rights Plank: You shouldn't send a kid up on a plank like that.

Kennedy Entertains Mboya at Hyannisport: But will he mix with him off the job?

Kennedy Nomination: The Democratic Advisory Council sent a wire to Joseph Kennedy stating "You haven't lost a son, you've gained a country."



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WILL ROGERS
Lovable but not hip.

get with it." he says. "It was Conformity City, All the organization men were swinging." With a friend, he rented an old heater, called it Theater X, worke and staged plays (one title: Nobody Trusted the Trath). But mostly he kept hanging around Los Angeles nightfulus, looking for a chance to try out the comic-tronic monologues that were developing from his growing catalogue of hostilities. From 1950 to 1953 he tried to get into go andies in his new profession, learned officially from NBC that he would never become a comedian.

Falling in love with a teen-ager named Sue Babior (he married her June 25, 1955). Sahl finally fled Los Angeles, followed her to the University of California at Berkeley, and became the academic equivalent of a ski bum. Auditing classes off and on, he drank a tun of coffee a month in all-night campus snack bars. argued art, social science and politics into the abstract hours. He slept mainly in the back seat of his moldering Chevy, and ate cold hamburgers provided by a Nietzschesoaked friend who worked in a shortorder bin. Sometimes he slept on the window seat in the apartment Sue shared with two other girls, now says he scrupulously disappeared at mealtimes to preserve his dignity. It is more likely that he was avoiding the filets of horsemeat that one of the girls regularly fingered from her job in a pet shop.

The Lower Depths. While all this seemed to be leading to the Steinbeck orchards in the Salinas valley, it was actually leading to \$300.000 a year. From the wooden microphone of his childhood to the hamburgers with Nietzsche relish,

Mort Sahl had accumulated experience, intelligence and enmity until just one more shattering blow was needed to complete his training. He got it when he disgustedly walked out of a beat-liberal campus party, picked up a tangerine on the way, and swallowed a seed that-according to Sahl-lodged in his appendix. A doctor at a Berkeley hospital referred him elsewhere when neither he nor Sue had the \$450 for an emergency operation, ran after him to demand \$10 as an examination fee. The appendix ruptured. Sahl recovered in a veterans' hospital, and the American Medical Association joined his repertory (his mildest joke about the medical world is that "the A.M.A. opposes chiropractors and witch doctors and any other cure that is quick").

Late that fall (1953) he arranged an audition before a live audience at San Francisco's lower-case, lower-depths hungry i (for intellectual). It was Sue's suggestion: "If they don't understand you, she said, "they'll label it whimsy. stage. Sahl began talking about the Mc-Carthy jacket, explained that it was like the Eisenhower jacket except that it had "an extra flap to go over the mouth." added that "Senator McCarthy does not question what you say so much as he questions your right to say it." No one even smiled. Then up from the bar came a muscular laugh from Enrico Banducci, the club's proprietor, and Mort was in at \$75 a week.

The New Life. In 61 fast years he has raised that figure to \$7,500 a week (the hungry i still gets him for a sentimental \$5,000). Hollywood has put him in two films (All the Young Men opens this month) on a contract under which he writes his own lines; in Jerry Wald's In Love and War he picked up a field telephone up front in battle. said: "Good morning. This is World War II." As for television: "I think their spoon-feeding of the American public has resulted in a corruption and an ignorance that may sink this country," says Sahl solemnly. He wants, however, to destroy all the admen and network executives who have kept him at harm's length and most of the time off the air.

With the proceeds of his fame-some \$700.000 in all-Sahl supports his nowretired parents, pays \$900 a month alimony to Sue, who divorced him in 1957 and now dates his best friend, Jazz Saxophonist Paul Desmond. Once short on toys, he can no longer make the claim, has filled his rented home in West Hollywood's hills with 14 radios, four TV sets and two hi-fi sets that blare until 4 a.m., wearing out his Stan Kenton and Dave Brubeck records. The unshaven campus rat looking for work has become a hard-working future millionaire in need of a shave; he attacks himself twice a day with one of eleven electric razors. Standing 5 ft. 10 in. weighing 150 lbs., he eats little, smokes seldom, drinks "only with chicks." On his wrist, on a single band, are two monstrous. oyster-shaped gold watches worth \$610 apiece. At one time he had 40 watches. A friend, visiting him one day, picked up a



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ELAINE MAY & MIKE NICHOLS
In sickness and in health, a long way from the joke books.



SHELLEY BERMAN

magazine and out fell a \$300 chronometer. Sahl still spends much of his life in motor cars (be owns three); once a friend borrowed his Lincoln and found in it a huge pile of magazines, dirty laundry and \$5,000 in cash. He dates beautiful women sporadically (Actresses Nancy Olsen, Hava Havareet), has almost outgrown the starlet stage and has outlived a two-year romance with Actress Phyllis Kirk, Sometimes he prefers the company of carhops and waitresses ("Yes. I've worked that beat, too"). With an independent grin, he says: "I feel if you have enough of these healthy interests-watches, razors, automobiles-you will have no need for human relationships at all.

The New Comedians. The biggest symbol of Mort Sahl's success, bigger than the salary, the cars, the watches, is the fact that he is the patriarch of a new school of comedians that has grown up with him. Their material is less political, but, like Sahl, they all stay close to an essentially offibeat and imaginative style. Far removed from the old stand-up.

joke-book comedians, they mostly do set pieces that are almost playlets. Using the telephone as a trademark prop, Shelley Berman prefers to find his material in the living room rather than the newspaper. Now a father talking to his daughter before her first date, he tells her that a car is a motel room on wheels; now Dr. Sprocket, child psychologist, he tells a patient's mother: "I know your little boy. His name is Oedipus." (While Sahl's four published recordings have sold only 125,000 copies, the closer-to-the-fingertips comedy of Shelley Berman has sold nearly 1,000,000 copies in three releases, a surprising figure for a "talking" record.) More bizarre than Berman and more

More Dizarre than Berman and more emotionally engaging than Sahl are Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who brilliantly exaggerate sophistication until it bursts with humor. A dentist and his patient fall in love ("I knew it when I looked into

your mouth and saw you were English clear through", In a sequence called Bach to Bach they are two symphonic phonies comparing sensitivities in bed ('I can comparing sensitivities). Newest of the offheat generation is Bob Newhart, whose button-down mind opens up some odd pockets of history—Khrusheber getting a head spray to cut down the glare for television—all wildest caricature has the ring of truth.

If Newhart, Nichols and May are warmer personalities than Sahl, other new comedians can be cold enough to freeze the marrow, and are the real source of the term "sick comedians." Chief among them is Lenny Bruce, who whines, uses fourletter words almost as often as conjunctions, talks about rape and amputees, and deserves distinction of a sort for delivering the sickest single line on record. Taking a minority view of the Leopold-Loeb case, he said: "Bobby Franks was snotty." In a class by himself is Jonathan Winters, who finds material in such experiences as being tested for inguinal hernia, enjoys discussing what it is like to be naked in front of a dog.

Cool & Deep, Anxious not to be linked with that sort of thing, Mort Sahl insists that he will not say anything for a laught that the will not say anything for a laught uttered a negative word in my life about the status of man, and I don't tell jokes about amputers. Mounting a platform of his own. Sahl adds: "Bad taste can't count as a form of insight." He also says he are formed to be a form of insight. The about says he was disdainful when, in his Los Angeles was disdainful when, in his Los Angeles acceptance speech, Jack Kennedy paraphrased Lincoln's second inaugural address with a crack about Xixon's "malice dress with a crack about Xixon's "malice

Mort Sahl built his original audience of students who came in from the University of California and other regional campuses to hear him in San Francisco. No such common denominator applies any more; his following has increased to multitudes, mainly in the big cities, which he has, in his own word, "saturated" by long stands of up to six months. He calls his followers "my people." Some have peach fuzz on their cheeks, and others have it on the tops of their heads. The one thing they share is a fondness for articulate irony and a sense of feeling "in." Occasional strays get up and walk out muttering "Communist." but the ingroup would all understand the college freshman who says, "He has a cool way of digging deep."

There is an out-group too, people who find Sahl too brash and offensive. Warmth is simply not his gift, but this is not to say, as is often claimed, that he is a nihilist or that he hates everything. "His people" see him as the black knight of the implied positive-an idealist whose darkly critical moods really imply a yearning for perfection. "If I criticize somebody, it's only because I have higher hopes for the world," he says in a solemn moment, "something good to replace the bad." And, he might have added, because high hopes in a bad world are invariably good for a laugh. Working toward his goal as he sees it,

Shalo have toward in goal as ne sees it, the past decade compile by inflat must be past decade compile by inflat must be past decade compile of the past decade compile of the past decade compile of the past of the past decade compile of

months will be with the 1960 presidential campaign, and, as always, he is facing the stump with a two-edged ada. "It's all over but the doubting," says Mort Sahl, "My considered opinion of Nixon versus Kennedy is that neither can win."



ART



ELECTRA WEBB & "JOHN SCOLLAY"

Collector's Passion

Is Early American art nothing more than a historical curiosity? Vermont's vast repository of Americana, the Shelburne Museum, has set out to prove that it is something more. Through Shelburne's 168-ft, covered bridge came spectators last week to view the impressive evidence in the one-story, colonial-style Webb Gallery of American Art. On display are 200 paintings by 61 18th and 19th century artists, ranging from John Singleton Copley's John Scollay and Winslow Homer's Milking Time to an anonymous primitive of General George Washington without his teeth. There is no chronological arrangement of the paintings. "The whole thing was ofne by feeling: explains Electra Havemeyer Webb, ing. State of the paintings, and the paintings of the painting of the paintings o

To set off Washington Allston's class; cal scenes, Charles Willson Peale's portraits. Albert Bierstadt's seascapes and John F. Peto's tromper/edi, each of the gallery's rooms is furnished with authentic Early American chests, tables and secretaries. Guarding the gallery's main entraines, Guarding the gallery's main which stone are the properties of Instite, which stone are the properties of the stable. Mass., and was lent by Shelbume to the Brussels Word's Fair in 1938.

Mountain Mover, All the Shelburne's pieces were gathered with loving care by President Webb, who founded the museum in 1947 with her late husband. Watson Webb, a great-grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, Now 71. Mrs. Webb has always been a compulsive collector, "It's like being an alcoholic," she says, Her interest in collecting comes naturally: she is the daughter of the Henry O. Havemeyers, whose multimillion-dollar collection of old masters was left to the Metropolitan Museum. Her parents were baffled when Electra got interested in Americana, and at 18 collected her first item; a \$25 cigar-store

Indian. As her daughter's stockpile of Early American dolls, quilts, pewter, decoys and trade signs grew, Mrs. Havemeyer asked in exasperation: "How can anyone who has been brought up with Rembrandts and Manets live with such American trash?"

In 1946 the Webbs bought eight acres of rolling farmland seven miles south of Burlington and opened their museum the following year. Now a complex of more than 40 acres and 33 buildings Shelburne contains, among other things, the 220-ft. side-wheeler Ticonderoga, which was shipped overland from nearby Lake Champlain, the jail from Castleton, Vt., the Colchester Reef lighthouse, a fully equipped 19th century pharmacy, and a Victorian railroad depot. Some of the buildings had to be dismantled to be moved and painstakingly reassembled at Shelburne. Such difficulties do not deter Mrs. Webb, "Please, Mother," one of her five children once begged, "if someone offers you Mount McKinley as a gift for the museum, don't try to move it."

Competition from Abroad. The opening of the Webb Gallery is not the end of
Mrs. Webb's ambitions for Shelburne. In
the works are a hunting lodge to be hung
with paintings by Frederic Remington
ing complete with old circus wagnon and
a carrousel. Not afraid of the competition. Mrs. Webb also plans to bring
some of her parents' collection of European paintings to Vermont and build
another gallery on the museum grounds to
hang in her Manhattan gastrimen.

BIG DADA

I KNOW that I am important as a factor in the development of art and always will remain so." Dadaist Kurt Schwitters wrote in 1931. "I say this with all possible emphasis so that nobody afterwards can say: 'The poor man didn't even know how important he was." The Dadaists (among them Jean Arp. Marcel Duchamp and Max Ernst) took their name from a nonsense phrase, but thought they were making sense of a kind. In the disillusioned aftermath of World War I. Schwitters used the bric-a-brac of everyday lifefragments of newspapers, railroad maps, timetables, string, bottle caps, photographs-to assemble collages (see color) that were a twitting comment on bourgeois life and an already demolished world. To Schwitters a canceled imperial postage stamp represented

the collapse of the Hohenzollerns. Schwitters' collages were not meant merely to shock, annoy, puzzle or defy the conventions of society. "What we are expressing in our work," he once said, "is neither idiocy nor subjective play, but the expression of our time as dictated by the time itself.

Born in Hannover in 1837. Schwitters forsook the realism of his academic art training to become associated first with the sardonic Paul Klee, then with the Dadaists and such pioneer abstract painters as Piet Mondrian. But all his life Schwitters made a modest living painting realistic portraits simulated appleasing the sitter. In 1916 he branched away from the Dadaists. founded his own movement, which he called Merz. The word had no meaning, but came from a fragment



DADAIST SCHWITTERS

of a piece of newsprint bearing the phrase Commerz-und Privatbank that he had pasted on one of his collages, "Merz," he wrote later. "stands for freedom from all fetters, for the sake of artistic creation."

Between 1933 and 1932. Schwitters published Merze magazine, in which he printed his own poems, views on art and passionate vin-dictations of his use of rubbish in collages. As his movement flourished, he built a Merzban in Hunnouver, where disciples could touch a rag that Schwitters asserted was Goethe's stocking, and a bottle of yellow liquid that he may be seen that the second of the second property of the s

If Schwitters falled in his attempt to "remake the world using pieces of the old." he did participate in a movement that swept away some of the esthetic pretensions of the past, and pioneered in new forms which abstract painters later took up. At the current Venice Biennale, 81 of his works are took up. At the current Venice Biennale, 81 of his works are being exhibited in posthumous tribute. Such richly toned collages as Painting with Stars are formed with striking and ammonious patterns composed with discipline and almost barmonious patterns are formed with discipline with the patterns with the patterns of the patterns are little miracles—dasteful words. The little miracles—dasteful words with the patterns are little miracles—dasteful words. The patterns are little miracles—dasteful words with the patterns are little miracles—dasteful words. The patterns are little miracles—dasteful words with discipline and almost words with discipline and almost words.



SCHWITTERS' "PAINTING WITH STARS," 1920



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RELIGION

Off to the Races

Arriving in Australia in 1958 to become dean of Brisbane's cathedral, the Very Rev. William Pye Baddeley,⁹ 46, announced: "I believe the Church of England is big and broad enough for all shades of thought." He then proved how broad his own thought could be.

When the Queensland Turf Club Committee invited Dean Baddeley to the races, he obtained permission from Brisbane's Archbishop Reginald Halse, turned up at the track in a felt hat, suede shoes and a striped suit, puffing a cigar, and proceeded to clean up. The ungloomy dean won six 55¢ bets in eight races for

a total profit of \$5.03.
Then all Protestant hell broke loose.
Last week the dean was getting more space in Australian letter-ts-chiftors than space in Australian letter-ts-chiftors than body office of a Christian minister." cried the Rev. Allan Walker, superintendent of Sydney's Central Methodist Mission. "I m bound to say," Melbourne's Anglican Dean Barton Babbage feli bound to say," "regard Dean Buddeley's gambling ac-

After reminding everybody that Queen Elizabeth herself follows the nags, Dean Baddeley said: "The real problem is not gambling as such, but avarice and lust for money. My enjoyment was not in winning money but in seeing my choices win. I had a perfectly wonderful day."

The Eucharistic Congress

Eucharistic Congresses, the spectaculars of Roman Catholicism, have been held since 1881 in every corner of the earth (file latin file in 1985) to worship what mann called "the still white majesty of the mystic bread" and thus to demonstrate Catholic internationalism and solid-arity. Last week nearly half a million darity. Last week nearly half a million in Munich to celebrate the 37th World in Munich to celebrate the 37th World Eucharistic Congress. Among them: Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who arrived by helicopter, plus 31 cardinals, soo bishops

The tradition of the congresses used to be a milliant witness against Protestantism, but the mood of last week's meeting was newly irenic, Evangelical Theologian Edmund Schlink of Heidelberg was niverself to the study groups on 'Ritual as Understood by Protestant Theology' and was enthusiastically applaudich, Participants attended Mass in more than 100 churches, and in the Byzantine, Armenian, Maronite and Ethiopian rites as well as the Roman, so that the study of the

The Communist countries did their best to see that no Catholic from the Soviet

* Whose actress sister Hermione was nomi-

bloc went to Munich; the East German government banned all travel to West Germany for the week of the congress. But a small group of East Germans managed to get there by crossing to the West Many were dissphointed that the Pope failed to attend. Travel-hungry Pope John was reported to have at last decided that such a precedent-breaking foreign excursion would incutiably bring demands for

conference was the celebration of the

radio message from John XXIII: "You and we perceive with great concern what dark clouds of danger hover over mankind and how heavily the peace of nations is threatened. Therefore let us pray together and with great fervor that Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace illumine the spirits of the leaders of the states."

Easier for Converts

Roman Catholic ritual is growing more and more diplomatic. The late Pope Pius XII changed the translation of Latin liturgy for Good Friday from "Let us pray for the perifidious Jews [Orenus pro perfaits Judaeis]" to "Let us pray for the



PAPAL LEGATE TESTA (UNDER CANOPY) IN MUNICH Before the still white majesty of the mystic bread,

early Christian custom of agape, or love feast, in Munich parish homes and in its famed beer hall, the Hofbräuhaus, where some 900 people watched the papal legate, Gustavo Cardinal Testa, move smilingly among them, passing out hard rolls to be eaten with cold ham and roast veal accompanied by Palatinate wine.

On Friday, day of fasting and penitence, some 2,000 young Germans made an eleven-mile pilgrimage to the onetime concentration camp at Dachau, where Munich's Bishop Johannes Neuhaeusler, a a former innate, dedicated a chapel to Christ's agony (a jarring note was the appearance of Hitler's financial wizard, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who did a brief szell in Dachau himself).

In Munich's cathedral 15,000 people heard New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman attack Communism as "a wild beast of the forest," making "this the most dangerous summer since 1030,". Climax of the congress came Sunday, when more than a million people streamed for the final Mass into the vast Theresiewisees fair grounds, surrounding a high wooden altar. Direct from Rome they heard a unbelieving Jews" (the sense perfidis once had). The present Pope dropped the qualifying word entirely. Last week the Vatican announced that at Pope John's direction the term perfidy will also be eliminated from the ritual used in baptizing adults from Judaism and other non-Catholic faith.

The Sucred Congregation of Rites is considering other changes in the baptismal liturgy. Under the old formula, codified in 1614, the priest called upon ex-pagans to "bold indo so hold in borron reject timases," expless to "bold in borron and reject the wicked sect of infieldity," and cried the properties of the control of the properties of the properti

Speaking in Tongues

The early Christians were much impressed by the phenomenon known as glossolalia (literally, "speaking with tongues"), which appeared at the first Pentecost: "And they were all filled with



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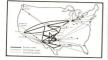
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the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." To the skeptical, the "other tongues" sounded like gibberish, but the faithful found special meanings in the spontaneous outpouring of sounds.

Peter saw the "gift of tongues" in a group of Gentles as evidence that the Holy Ghost was present and they should be baptized forthwith. Paul cited it as a notable Christian gift, and though he had it himself ("I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than ye all"), he warned in his first letter to the Corinthians against letting it get out of hand warned in his first letter to the Corinthians against letting it get out of hand the state of t

"Speaking in tongues is no longer a phenomenon of some odd set across the street." the Living Church (Episcopal) elitorialized. 'Il is in our midst, and it is being practiced by cleray and laity who have stature and good reputation who have stature and good reputation to the control of the

Releasing Something Deeper. The Rev. Dennis J. Bennett, for one, is sure the explosion is on the way; last week he took up new duties in Seattle at St. Luke's Episcopal Church as the direct result of his interest in glossolalia. London-born Father Bennett, 42, a graduate of Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational) who later became an Episcopalian, was assigned to St. Mark's Church in Van Nuys, Calif. in 1953, Last October he agreed to meet with some members of a fellow minister's church who had found themselves beginning to speak in tongues. First he was surprised to find that they were neither far-out types nor emotionally unbalanced; then he discovered that he had the "gift" himself and that the ex-

perience was "enriching Father Bennett brought the idea into his own parish-and began to run into trouble. Of his 2,000 parishioners, he says, some 700 developed a positive, sympathetic interest-"they included the junior warden and the chairman of the women's guild. They were about equally divided between men and women, and there was a large number of couples. The group included a Ph.D. and a brain surgeon.' conservative Episcopalians were shocked. In April the vestry asked Pastor Bennett for his resignation, and Bishop Francis Eric Bloy of Los Angeles sent St. Mark's a new priest and a pastoral letter banning any more speaking in tongues under church auspices.

Father Bennett has no plans to get glossolalia going again in his new post, a small missionary church, but he "men-



THE FIRST PENTECOST

'Da sheontee konomeki no sienti holav.''

tions" it privately to people he thinks could benefit. "The gift of tongues is a freeing of the personality in expressing one's self more profoundly, particularly toward God, even though the symbols are not understood by the speaker. It does not happen in a trance. The person is releasing something deeper than the ordinary symbols of language."

Doyai Ki-i-yeno. One evening last week, in an apartment motel in Van Nuys, seven Episcopalians of Father Bennett's former flock met together to await the coming of the Holy Spirit. Bursts of laughter from a television set across the courtyard invaded the reverent silence, to the theory of the total the two many the silence in the two many the silence in the two the silence is the silence in th

Suddenly it came. "Do the owner known melt no sient holy coriente no shouter meet ..." said one of the women in a cool, musical voice. She continued for about a minute to utter these sounds meaningless in any known language. No one glanced up or spoke. After a minute or meaningles in any known language. No one glanced up or spoke. After a minute or meaningles in any known language. We have a support of the summer of th

you always, and his love surrounds you like a fleecy cloud. Thus saith the Lord." This was greeted by a chorus of quiet "thank-yous." then from another voice: "Doyosi ki-iy-yeno mayashi yekatona masi yano ma yenda ya kotano masiki . ."

California's Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy dismisses the movement. "In the past there have been movements of this sort, but they never did the church any good." But Seventh Day Baptist Paul Henry, a lawyer of Fontana, Calif., speaks for many of the "spirit-filled" when he says: "It's only my guess, but I think it may be an outpouring just before the termination of this are."

MUSIC

... To Forgive Divine

It sounded for a few raucous moments as if Mickey Mantle had popped up with the bases loaded. While the performer stood transfaxed, boos, catcalls and whistles filled the warm night air. Occasion: an a open-air performance of Aida at Verona, during which Soprano Antonietts Stella committed the unpardonable sin of muffing a high C in the difficult third-act aria O patria miss.

For two acts Stella had been in fine voice: her famous Ritorna vincitor! aria had brought a thunderous ovation. But by the third act Stella's voice sounded shaky. When she came to her great third-act aria, her voice suddenly lapsed into a dolorous wail on the phrase "no, mai pin," which ends on a high C. Then the voice vanished like a blown-out flame.

The music stopped and, as the boos mounted, Stella fled the stage. But after 15 minutes of the sort of anger that only Italians can feel about an operatic misdemeanor, the crowd had a change of heart and began to chant: "We forgive you, Stella." Urgently prompted by the management, the soprano finally returned to the stage, supported by Baritone Giangiacomo Guelfi. Slowly advancing to the footlights, she knelt, gazed beseechingly at her public and bent forward until her forehead touched the stage. "Forgive me. said she in a squeaky voice. "I've been feeling poorly all day." The audience gave a cheer, and the opera went on, with Stella prudently transposing her highest notes down one octave. "Poor girl," said one fan. "I wouldn't want that to happen even to Callas.

The Plectra Pluckers

There are many who play stickily, as if they had glue between their fingers. Their touch is lethargic; they hold notes too long. Others leave the keys too soon, as if they burned.

So Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach (third son of Johann Sebastian) described the pitfalls of harpsichord playing, adding that pitfalls of harpsichord playing, adding that "das Schnelled" (the snap), achieved by imitating with one's fingers the leg action of a chicken scratching the ground. Despite such difficulties (experts figure that had his Schnellen properly under control), the U.S., is in the grip of a major harpsichord boom, fostered by such players as Ralph Krikpstirick. Sylvia Marlowe, Fer-Ralph Krikpstirick. Sylvia Marlowe. Fer-Landowska.

Although prices are stiff (as much as \$6.000 for a good modern instrument), there are several thousand harpsichords scattered about the country today, where there were only 500 or so a decade ago. Until 1949, there was only one noted harpsichord maker in the U.S.; now there are half a dozen. The do-it-yourself trend has taken hold, too; in the Boston area



DIVA STELLA Like Mantle popping up.

alone, during the past two years, a dozen harpsichords have been built by amateurs. At least 50 colleges and music schools offer special harpsichord courses. Hollywood Chic. The harpsichord

boom is concentrated in college towns and big cities. Los Angeles had two 20 years ago (one of them was Sigmund Romberg's), now there are more than 30. José Ferrer and Edie Adams each have one as the newest thing in Hollywood chie, Pomoma's retired English Professor Harlan Smedley, 53, who plays a harpsichord as "a countermeasure to all the tensions and nosiness of the day," thinks tensions and nosiness of the day," thinks



HARPSICHORD MAKER CHALLIS Like a scratching chicken.

that "you can't be a pest on a harpsi-chord." Most harpsichord buffs are piano players who discovered baroque music on LPs; once accustomed to the sweet, incisive, brilliant tone of the harpsichord (its metal strings are plucked by leather plectra or picks, instead of being struck by hammers), they find its sound mystically satisfying. West Coast Psychologist Bob Johnson, 39, heard his first harpsichord on a recording by Yella Pessl. found, while living in Portland, that he felt "sad and in limbo because there was no harpsichord in 1,000 miles." He bought two, now holds frequent meetings for fellow harpsichordists at evening sessions in his home.

Professional people are especially harpsichord-prone. Doctors, psychiatrists, teachers and ministers are among the most active amateurs in the New York area. In New Orleans, Attorney Thomas B. Lemann finds himself hard put to explain his own harpsichordia ("Why do you prefer bourbon to Scotch?"), but admits that "there is a simplicity about it" that appeals strongly to his children, who are being raised without any knowledge of the upstart piano, Most harpsichord buffs have a strong proprietary sense. When a New Orleans amateur, Charles Hazlett. lent his harpsichord to touring Virtuoso Fernando Valenti, the visitor was amazed. Said Valenti: "It's almost like lending somebody your wife."

Do-It-Yourself, A number of small U.S. makers, working in lofts, studios and stables, lovingly turn out instruments finer than anything Europe has to offer. They are split into two mildly hostile factions: those who stick to wooden frames and those who experiment with metal. William Dowd and Frank Hubbard, both of Boston, who are wood men, plead that metal introduces a historically inaccurate effect. Nevertheless, both are admirers of Manhattan's Frank Rutkowski, 27, who uses aluminum for his frames on the grounds that metal contracts and expands less (a wooden-frame harpsichord must be tuned virtually every time it is played and whenever it is moved),

Leader of the metal faction is John Challis, pioneer U.S. manufacturer of harpsichords, who learned his trade back in the '20s from the late famed English Instrument Maker Arnold Dolmetsch. In a shop at the rar of his huge, century-old brick house in Detroit, Challis constructs about twelve harpsichords a year structs about twelve harpsichords a year structs about twelve harpsichords a year grosses \$1,0000, A. Chim on his 200 harpsich control of the co

In a run-down loft in Manhattans' forenwich Village, an ex-child psychologist named Wallace Zuckermann turns out the U.S.'s only mass-produced harpsi-chord, an instrument that sells briskly for \$750. but is derided by professionals. Last spring, Zuckermann went as tep furnow by the Zuckermann went as tep furnow but the Zuckermann De Jackermann De Jackermann De Jackermann De states and the spring for the professionals, strings, jacks and Ivaloid plastic keys.



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SPORT

Game Try

If anyone seemed a sure bet to repre-sent the U.S. in swimming at the Olympics in Rome, a sad-faced Kansan named Jeff Farrell, 23, was the man. The greatest U.S. sprinter by consent and by competition, Farrell last month won the National A.A.U. championship by thrashing through the 100-meter freestyle in 54.8 sec., fastest time ever for an American, He looked a cinch to take the 100 meters. and to win a place on the 800-meter relay squad as well, at last week's Olympic trials in Detroit. But six days before the trials, Farrell underwent an emergency appendectomy and sent U.S. swimming plans into an emergency too. At first, swimming officials looked for

a way to put Farrell on the team anyway
—a violation of their own rules that only
the first two qualifiers in the trials can
make the squad. Admitted Chairman Ray
Daughters: "We wanted him hadly." Farrell surprised the committee by insisting
that he would make the team by swimming or not at all. "I don't deserve any
special privileges. I'll swim."

special privages, 11 swm. Day after his Bondoge All Around. Days after his Bondoge All Around. Daylas's Good-Emeritus Bols Kiphuth looking on, Farrell had two light sessions of kicking and stroking in the pool of Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital. Within three days, he was practicing starts and turns. On the sixth day, Farrell showed up at the trials with his five-inch incision protected by a wind of the properties of the protection of the orion of the path of the for hitting the water, 'said Farrell. Corrected Kiphuth, ''It hurts like hell."

In his first 100-meter trial, Farrell took a deep dive to spare himself the hard bellywhop of a flat racing start, stroked powerfully to finish in 55-9, second fastest time of the round. In the semifinals, Farrell got a bad start, but sprinted wildly to hit the wall with the fastest time of the day, 55-6.

Defeat & Victory. By the finals, the swimming meet belonged to Farrell. Spectators and rival swimmers alike cheered him every time he appeared at poolside. A teen-age girl pressed a religious medal into his hand. With a good start, a racing dive this time, Farrell was up with the leaders at the turn. But as he sprinted home, he struck a lane marker with his arm and for a moment floundered offrhythm. He closed fast, and the finishing order was in doubt-to everyone but himself. Even before the announcement, he buried his face in a towel and moaned: "Why didn't I have it? Why didn't I have it?" First was California's Lance Larson in 55 sec.: second was Harvard's Bruce Hunter in 56 sec. Farrell was third .1 sec. behind.

Two nights later, grim and pale, Farrell was back to fight for a place on the 800-meter relay team. All he had to do was finish sixth or better in the eight-man field, but no one knew how his stomach

would take the long grind, "The more I swim, the more it hurts," he admitted. Coming off the final turn, Farrell poured on his famed finishing sprint, hurt stomach or no, and touched out in fourth place. "I'm very grateful," Farrell said later. "This is the way I wanted to make the team.

Others who earned a trip to Rome: Chris von Saltza, 16, the best woman

freestyler in U.S. history, lowered her American record for the 100 meters by .3 sec. with a trial heat time of 1:01.3. coasted home to win the finals in 1:02.5. Then, in the grueling 400 meters she knocked .o sec. off the world's record of Australia's Ilsa Konrads, 16, with the time

of 4:44.5.

¶ Lynn Burke, 17, of the Santa Clara (Calif.) Swim Club, windmilled the 100meter backstroke in 1:09.2 to break her own world record by .8 sec., set a furious pace that left 1956 Silver Medal Winner Corin Cone, 19, back in third place-and off the Olympic team.

Carolyn Wood, a 14-year-old high school freshman from Portland, Ore, and the brightest new star to emerge from the trials. After taking an unexpected second in the 100-meter freestyle behind Chris von Saltza, Carolyn bobbed up and down in the water like a surprised seal: "I made it! I made it! I made it!" By the next night. Carolyn was a poised veteran as she came back to win the 100meter butterfly in 1:09.4.

¶ Mike Troy, 19, a stocky Indiana junior who is one of the safest favorites for a gold medal at Rome. In the 200-meter butterfly, he coolly knocked .2 sec. off his own world record by fluttering the four lengths of the pool in 2:13.2.

Despite the loss of Farrell in the 100 meters, the U.S. team that made it through Detroit's hazardous shoals is the fastest ever to enter the Olympics. It had better be. Australia's swimmers should be nearly as strong as the crew that dominated the 1956 games in Melbourne (8



SWIMMER FARRELL 'It hurts like hell.

of 13 gold medals for men and women combined). And then there are the Japanese, who dominated Olympic men's swimming in the 1930s and are only now beginning to regain their prewar form with a crack team. In prospect is a glorious Roman water carnival.

Mounting the Diamond

They call it "the Diamond"-a 1,000ft, slab of granite that slants out from the mountainside like a giant teetering tombstone, and guards the eastern approach to Longs Peak, a 14,256-ft. tower in the Rockies some 75 miles northwest of Denver. The stretch of rock is one of the last great unconquered climbs in the U.S.* Last week a pair of seasoned climbers from California checked their gear and set out to become the first men to mount the Diamond.

For two hours Dave Rearick, 28, a Ph.D. in mathematics from Caltech, and Bob Kamps, 26, a fourth-grade teacher in North Hollywood, stood on a ledge called Broadway and studied the wall looming over their heads. Then Rearick began the ascent. It took him half an hour to reach a narrow shelf 75 ft. up and toss down a rope for Kamps. From then on, their progress was measured in hours and inches. At dusk, they huddled on a tiny ledge, drove pitons into the sheer rock face and dozed through a night of wind and cold, lashed to the Diamond,

At dawn, they struggled on.

Because of the outward slant of the Diamond the pair had to use "tension climbing," searching the expanse of crumbling granite for solid spots, hammering in pitons to build a ladder of rope and expansion belts. Sudden gushes of icy water down crevasses drenched them repeatedly. At times they dangled in space 20 ft. out from the face of the Diamond. As they fought their way up, the acoustics of the mountain carried wisps of their comments to the gathering crowd below: "Say, I think it's getting colder again." Dusk of the second day found them precariously camped on a ledge 4 ft. long and 15 in. wide, wolfing down salami, boned chicken and chocolate before bracing themselves for another sleepless, terrifying night.

The last 350 ft, were brutal. Clawing up a narrow chimney, Kamps was blocked by a huge chock stone, an 80-ft, splinter of granite that had fallen from above and plugged the passageway. With infinite care, he inched his way to the left. After an hour's work, he drove a piton into the rock, hooked a finger through the piton's for a route above. Down below, the spectators stopped talking. Somehow the climbers found a way up the face, around the chock stone, and back into the chimney again. Some 45 minutes later Rearick's crew-cut head slowly appeared over the rim of the Diamond. Another ten

* Considered so difficult that the National Park numerable times by other routes.



CLIMBERS REARICK & KAMPS We burned our bridges."

minutes and both men were wearily standing together on the top. "We might have quit except we burned

our bridges behind us when we pulled most of our pitons," said Rearick. "We could never have gotten back down to Broadway." Then he made a terse entry in the logbook at the summit of Longs Peak: "First ascent of the Diamond."

Continental Divide

From its founding last year, the pop-up Continental League had little chance of becoming a third major baseball circuit in 1961. The owners had franchises in eight cities,8 but no players and no stadiums. By its paper existence, however, the Continental League bedeviled the 16 major-league teams.

Last week representatives of all three leagues met in Chicago to shake hands on a deal that left everyone smiling, the Continental Leaguers contentedly, the established major leaguers with relief. Terms of the deal: the Continental League disappears; the American and National leagues will each grow to ten teams by 1062, taking in two Continental cities apiece; the remaining four Continental cities will be considered for membership after a "reasonable" time.

For the majors, the agreement eliminates a competitor in a way that is not likely to irritate Congress, which rumbles from time to time about the monopoly status of baseball. But the deal does not settle which league gets what cities. New York, which has been without a National League team since the Dodgers and Giants followed the gold rush to California, will certainly get another National League team. The rhubarh should be fierce over the other cities.

* New York, Buffalo, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Denver, Dallas-Fort Worth, Houston, Atlanta,

EDUCATION

Bertie & the Board

Three years ago Federal District Judge Ben C. Connally ordered the biggest segregated school district in the U.S., Hous-not's 173 schools, to integrate "with all deliberate speed." Two months ago Hous-not's school board blandly submitted a plan to integrate only three schools—and pledged that no child in the district need attend them. Last week Judge Connally careful district need attend them. Last week Judge Connally year thereafter, the called the board's plan "a palapide sham and subherfugate."

Judge Connally was up against a school board that specializes in finding "controversial" anything which it disapproves of. The board's right-wing majority has denounced the U.N. as un-American, banned standard textbooks as "anti-capitalistic," fired teachers on shaky charges of being "lettish." In this crusade, no one has been more energetic than tiny, taut Bertie Maughmer, 44, wife of Police Leutenant Earl Maughmer Jr. Last week, as an eerie to be the standard of the stand

No Free Lunch. When the Maughmers married 23 years ago, so did two Texastall egos, each with a passion for "leadership." After Maughmer became president of the Houston Police Officers Association of the Houston Police Officers Association state capitol. Meanwhile, Mrs. Maughmer was ringleading Houston's McCartbyilke Minute Women. In 1956 he got herself on the school board in the most vicious campaign in Houston history, Her segregationist plank; "I'd rather go to jail than X- parliamentarian. Bettle offen con-

trolle, the board, Between sessions of getting books homed, she attacked any form ting books homed, she attacked any form of federal aid to schools, She helped cut of reimbursements for teachers attending meetings of the National Education Association (which endorses federal aid), managed to stop the free-lunch program in Houston (where many children now go without lunch). Bertie hit the newspapers at least once a week, and enjoyed it so much that she carried even uncomplimentary stories around in her handburst tarty stories around in her handbursttary stories around in her handburst-

One Little Favor. At the Maughmer home, things sometimes reached a high pitch. She called the marriage "sheer hell." He denounced her for assuming the "leadership role." But divorce seemed out of the question. After all, had publicity might spoil the two Maughmer careers.

One evening last month. Bertie Maugher phoned police to report that her husband had been shot. Her story: he was teaching her how to use his 3,57 Magnum pistol when suddenly it sent a highpowered slug through his stomach. On the verge of death, Maughner seemed to back her story. But nime days later he recovered enough to tell a different tale. After a violent argument, he said, she had way-



Houston's Maughmer One through the stomach.

laid him in the bedroom and shot him in a cold fury.

Last week, days after her arrest and her announcement that "naturally" she would resign from the school board, Mrs. Maughmer was still a board member. No one could find any law that compelled her to resign, but Houston parents were signing petitions to ask of her at least that one little favor.

Africa Callina

Smartly dressed in bright blue blazers, 23 Nigerians stepped off a Greek ship in Montreal last week and headed toward 19 top U.S. colleges, from Yale to Vassar, with full four-year scholarships. Their scholarships were fully earned: the culling they went through made the U.S. race for college look like a free-lunch counter.

The Nigerians were chosen from 2,000 of the brightest youths in Britain's biggest African colony (pop. 35 million), which is to become fully independent in October. First the number was reduced to 375 with schooling qualifying them for Cambridge and Oxford. They were given probing exams. The 83 with highest scores were then screened for character and ambition. The 35 survivors were further analyzed to judge prospects of future academic success. The elect two dozen, some of them schoolteachers back home, are in no mood for fun and games. What their education means to Nigeria is clear from one statistic: the only university in the country-the University College of Ibadan-turns out 50 graduates a year.

"The United States is just starting, but they will give us the help we need," said Harvard-bound Christian Ohiri, 22. Ohiri's faith is not shared by Kenya's flashy young politician Tom Mboya, who says that the U.S. is "not applying itself realistically" to the problem of educating Africans. Visiting the U.S. to raise plane fare for 250 Kenyans who have scholarships to American colleges next fall, Mboya called on Candidate John F. Kennedy at Hyannisport and said: "What we need is a crash program to train thousands to man our new covernment."

The U.S. Government spends less on education in Africa (\$2,000,000 a year) than it does in any other area. Only now is the U.S. devising plans for scholarships for 156 Guinea students and 300 from the Congo. Mboya argues that such private-scholarship programs as the Nigerian plan are "too little and too selective."

Mboya's activities embroil him with British clonial officers in Kenya, who say that Mboya, by the selection methods he uses, often sends 'inferior' students to the U.S., where they often can get in an obtion of the control of the control of the other than the control of the control of the control of the control of the control tered after they get home, say the British, when they cannot meet the higher-education job specifications the British insist upon, based on British models. The British also argue that they themselves are In shurr tertor, Mboya's American as-

In snarp refort, Mroyas a American asociates any than the two or three in the U.S. dropped out—and even they had gained from going to school in the U.S. Some are also swapping campuses: Washington A.J. Okumu, who began at Iowa Wesleyan, now has a two-year scholarship with the courts, says Mooya's at Harvard. What counts, says Mooya's tion at all levels—and that the British fail to provide enough of it.

They also inevitably point out that the Russians are offering hundreds of fouryear scholarships to Africans, providing free transportation and asking few embarrassing questions about school records.

Boys & Girls Together Drawing a deep breath, the fast-growing

University of California at Los Angeles announced last week that nearly all its resident men and women will now live together. As if drawing up plans for San Quentin prison, it promised parents that it would aim for "maximum security."

U.C.L.A.'s new Sproul Hall, scheduled to open this fall, was planned from the start as cohabitational. In separate wings for opposite sexes, Sproul's 400 men and 400 girls will share a beige brick nest atop a Westwood hill.

A crush of female room applications has now forced the university to make over Dykstra Hall as well, Originally all male, it will now house girls on the Art of the second of Residence Byron Atkinson was busily arrange "suitable security measures." Among them: thick walls between male and female of the second of the second



At the new Monroe Elementary School, Monroe, Iowa, selected by A.A.S.A. for its exhibit of outstanding school designs, R. J. Hekel, Superintendent, says:



"We're convinced that A-V increases learning efficiency by 20 to 30 percent."

"Even slow learners grasp meanings quickly when they see a subject in context.

"After showing a movie on rural fire prevention, for example, nearly every pupil readily understood basic concepts of the subject. Before A-V, it was a slow process, sometimes tedious, to drum home the same subject. "We frequently show movies—and we take care to see

that they add to the learning experience.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

It Storted in Naples (Shovelson-Rose)prormount ends, at least as far as its interest for adults is concerned, when Clark Gable and Sophia Loren engage in Crotto, But this foolishness does not until fairly late in the film, and what precedes it is noisy, cheerful and frequently funny. A good part of the reason quently funny. A good part of the reason who plays an Italian remained Mariette when plays an Italian remained forms

Gable is a Philadelphia lawyer who



Gable & Marietto in "Naples" Ably supported oldsters.

black-sheep brother who has died when his sailboat capsized. Gable learns from Attorney Vittorio De Sica that his brother's estate consists of \$4,400 worth of unsalable fireworks and the rocket-propelled Marietto, a by-blow for freedom conceived with the help of an unmarried captive who describes hereful apply as Gable's "sisternoin-law."

Marietto knows his way around everyhing except the local school/house and is just old enough to appreciate the fact that he is just small enough to be hiphigh to a pair of toreador pants. Sophia plays the sort of foll who scratches where she itches, and sees nothing wrong with he lad's education, Gable, of course, tries to reform Marietto, "After all," he reasus." you're part American." Says the sus, "you're part American." Says the tell anyone." When sell anyone. I no tell anyone." When the suspension of the tell anyone, "When the part of the tell anyone, "When the part of the tell anyone." When the part of the part of the tell anyone, "When the part of the part of the tell anyone," when the part of the part of the part of the deep anyone and the part of the part of the part of the deep anyone and the part of the part of the part of the part of the deep anyone and the part of the part of the part of the part of the deep anyone and the part of th Naturally, a custody suit is filed, and naturally, De Sica, hired by Gable to represent him, pays more attention to Loren than to law. Some fine shouting matches occur, in one of which an enraged bystander, delivering a memorable non sequitur, shouts at Gable, "Get out of

the Middle East!"
All four principals are expert comedians, especially those two aging but indestructible charmers. Gable and De Sica.

Song Without End (William Goetz: Columbia) records two noteworthy advances over Hollywood's customary greatmusician gassers. The first must have caused mutterings in Beverly Hills; the film, although it concerns Franz Liszt, is not called The Franz Liszt Story. The second is that Dirk Bogarde, who plays the 19th century pianist-composer, has learned to waggle his fingers in convincing imitation of a virtuoso in full cadenza. The innovation is not negligible; it eliminates that hoary sham in which the cameraman shoots from behind the piano while the actor at the keyboard moves his arms up and down as if he were washing a pair of socks.

The film takes up Liszt's life as the 26-year-old genius deserts his faithful mistress (Genevieve Page) and their two children and goes billy-goating off on a concert tour, followed by his new inamorata, Princess Carolyne of Russia (former Parisian Model Capucine). Repeatedly, in one lavish recital hall after another, Bogarde strides arrogantly to the piano, peels off his white gloves and flings them to the floor, rips through a couple of scherzos and then stares smolderingly at Carolyne. Carolyne unfailingly melts on the spot. Unfortunately, the plot demands that the lovers remain eight octaves apart; the princess is both married and religious, and the Vatican refuses to grant a divorce. Every now and then Old-Flame Page adds to the anguish of the situation by pleading tearfully that Bogarde take her back.

All this, naturally, is filmed in extreme legato, a mood in which Bogarde is seen at his most irritating. Dressed in the sort of shirt with droopy sleeves and deep décolletage that all 10th century musicians must wear in flims about their lives, he does not really act; he poses, His reaction to every situation—all-though, to be fair, most of the film's situations are the same—is an ironic half-smile.

Portroit in Block (Ross Hunter: Universal-Internotional) presents Lana Turner as the love-famished wife of a bedridden shipping magnate (Lloyd Nolan). Anthony Quinn is Nolan's physician, and he also ministers to what alls Lana. Actor Quinn is reliably reported to have said that the take the role, his first as suggested room matron menace, but by the time the lim was shot, his mode had changed from disbelief to a kind of numbness. His speech is oddly strangled, and his general acting style is that of a beaten prizefighter routinely protesting a decision he knows to have been fair.

If cornections are still being laid in Hollywood, this is the film that should be sealed inside to instruct future generations: it is a brilliantly photographed and very nearly complete record of cimentatic cliches. Nothing that could stun-fy an audience has been neglected. The diagram was to such familiar lines as long unus to such familiar lines as both the such that the such



QUINN & TURNER IN "PORTRAIT" Brilliantly photographed clichés.

enough, Chinatown music on the sound track to nudge any viewer whose eyes have glazed over.

When a funeral is staged (Quinn and Lana, the overwrought lovers, have done away with Nolan), Director Michael Gordon gives filmgoers the Graveside Scene they know so well: the guilty glances, the dark overcoats, the raised umbrellas, and the rain beating down on the scarred earth. The Cry of Conscience is represented by echoing, disembodied voices; Quinn is pursued by a djinni who repeats the Hippocratic oath, and Lana writhes daintily in her sleep as Nolan's ghost chides her for infidelity. An anonymous blackmailer sends accusing letters, and this leads smoothly to the Mirror Bit: at the peak of a wrangle with Lana. Quinn raises a heavy candlestick and smashes it into the reflection of her terrified face. But Director Gordon is not entirely tradition's slave; instead of requiring Dr. Ouinn to snap the stem of a wineglass to indicate the power of his emotion, he has the fellow crush a syringe.

GOOD LOOKING, GOOD READING

Gashouse Gang of 1960

Pittsburgh's Pirates haven't won a pennant in 33 years-and that time the Yanks beat them four games straight in the Series. Life's takeout on the 1960 team and its allbut-unknown manager shows why the Pirates may be this year's best.

Marilyn and Montand

In a new movie, Let's Make Love, Marilyn Monroe has a new leading man, France's romantic singing idol Yves Montand, Marilyn and Yves proved an electric combination on and off the set-as shown in Life's intriguing backstage picture story.









Olympic Architecture

For the 1960 Olympics in Rome Pier Luigi Nervi, Italy's top builder, has created a monumental stadium -and two of the most spectacular sports arenas since the Colosseum All are beautiful but low-cost. See his work in eight full-color pages.

"Block Meeting"

This week you can preview a novel just about to burst on the American scene. Its title is Peaceable Lane. Its author is LIFE Associate Editor Keith Wheeler. Its explosive theme: what happens when a Negro tries to move into a white community.



BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS A Key to Growth

Productivity is the economist's favorite and often confusing-term to describe the amount of work a man does in an hour. What makes it misleading, and makes much exhortation on the subject so irrelevant, is the fact that the real increases in productivity often come not just from a man's working harder but from the use of laborsaving machinery and systems that help him to do his job better and faster. Such devices usually require fewer men, but often better skilled ones. Productivity thus is one of the key methods of gauging the economy's ability to grow-and a major issue in the argument over how great the U.S. rate of growth should be. Last week the Labor Department announced that productivity rose substantially in a number of industries in 1959. But it also raised the serious question of how much productivity will grow in 1960.

Output per man-hour in all private in dustry last year increased by more than 4% surpassing the average of just over 3% a year for the 1947-59 period. In the steel industry, productivity rose 12%, in hard-coal mining 10.5%, in allimous 65%. Although non-farm industries advanced more than average, agriculture showed virtually no gain, indicating that the mechanization that increased productivity about 6% a year from 1947 through 1938 is largely completed.

The coal, steel and milroad gains were spurred by the economy's recovery from the 1958 recession, reflected the use of a smaller labor force and the benefits of new machinery installed just prior to the recession. It all, Government conomists agree that for the private economy as a gaze. It would have been even that were recession had not been marred by the steel strike.

In recent years, increased productivity has been accompanied by regular wage hikes (see chart). Such unions as Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers and



James B. Carey's International Union of Electrical Workers now argue that earnings should rise at the same rate as productivity. But productivity jumps, increased output per worker but increased capital investment and automation. Productivity also has an effect on prices and inflation. An increase in output per maninflation. An increase in output per maninflation. An increase in output per manlot increase in output per mando increase in output per manlot increase in output per manination in output per manput per manlot increase in output per manput per manlot increase in output per manput per manlot increase in output per manination in output per manput per manman, and in output per manman per manmanman per manman per manman-man-man-man-man-man-man-m

Specialists now feel that while productivity will continue to increase so long as technological advances are made, 1960 will bring no exceptional rises. Such industries as utilities and agriculture have already made strong advances in productivity. Future advances should come in construction and in the service trades.

INDUSTRY

Woes of the Atlas

The biggest bottleneck in the U.S. missile program is not the development or testing of the giant birds-which have been firing successfully-but construction of the bases that would be needed to send them winging against an enemy. The U.S. now has six operational Atlas intercontinental ballistic missiles-and by schedule should now have 18. Later this year twelve Atlases will be operational, whereas there should be more than 30. Last week 56 top executives of companies that make the Atlas and its launching sites returned home from Washington after a rousing pep talk from Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates Jr. urging them to get the Atlas back on schedule. The chief problem, conceded Air Force Brigadier General William E. Leonhard, a deputy commander of the Ballistic Missile Division, is "the difficulties of doing a wartime task under peacetime conditions and authority.

Like Building Dams? The Atlas' woes show that it takes more than a big budget and brainy scientists to win the missile race. One of the chief difficulties has been the lack of central direction. The Air Force Ballistic Missile Division, after approving the plans of the prime contractor, turns the job of letting construction contracts over to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. The Air Force and the Army engineers each blame the other for the delays. The Army charges that the Air Force makes impossible demands, frequently changes its mind; the Air Force replies that the Army engineers are trying to build bases as they build dams.

Both the Army and the Air Force give the contractors poor marks. The Convair division of General Dynamics Corp., one of the prime contractors for the Atlas, has come under criticism for placing so much extress on test shots at Cape Canaveral that it has not put enough effort into preparing missile bases. Construction contractors selected by the Corps of Engineers often farmed the work to subcontractors who

TIME CLOCK

TURNTABLE WAR revives as Columbia Records began issuing three-minute pop "singles" (in monty years available only on 45 r.pm; not years available only on 45 r.pm; not years speed. Capitol, ABC Paramount, Argo and London record firms will soon follow because of declining pop-singles sales. Lone holdout in drive to make 33s standard for industry: RCA Victor, which pioneered 45s.

WORLD'S TALLEST HOTEL, 50 stories high, will be built in midtown Manhattan by Loew's Theaters, Inc. To be named the Americana West, new hotel will open in 1962 with 2,000 luxury rooms, a 30,000-sq.-ft. exhibi-

tion hall. It will cost \$45 million, join Loew's Americana East, for which ground has been broken across town.

SCOTCH DRINKERS will down 10 million cases a year in the U.S. by 1965, if present trend continues. Consumption last year hit more than 7,000,000 cases, up from 3,000,000 in 1949.

VOLUNTARY PAY CUT will be taken by workers at financially ailing Pittsburgh Steel Co., 14th largest U.S. steel company. Union agreed to reduction that will eventually save company 15¢ per man-hour in incentive-pay

FOREIGN PENCILS are cutting U.S. wooden pencil industry down to "perionit," argued Lead Pencil Manufacturers Assn. before U.S. Tariff Commission. They claim that export market has almost vanished and imports are grinding away at domestic profits.

THIRD STOCK MARKET in Manhattan, formed by 400 members of New York Mercantile Exchange (commodity futures), will be set up if SEC approves. Listed companies on the new National Stock Exchange must have net worth of \$1,000,000, at least 500 stockholders, 150,000 outstanding shares.

underestimated the task, sometimes buckled under the pressure. At Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, where Atlas launching sites are three months behind schedule New York's Malan-Grove Construction Co. gave 90% of the work to 46 subcontractors. Two of them ran into financial difficulties and are now being operated by bonding companies. At the Offutt launching sites, nine concrete pedestals intended for support of liquid-oxygen lines had to be replaced because they had inadequate supporting steel. Warren Air Force Base in Cheyenne, Wyo., scheduled to be the first operational tactical missile base by last spring, will not be ready until fall, largely because contractors could not fulfill their commitments.

No Ready Mix. For their part, the contractors complain bitterly that they are often not paid on time for their work, are burdened by the complexity of the new sites (some 4,000 miles of wire and 25,000 connections) and by whole chains of changes that are set off when something new is discovered during a missile firing. The changes are necessary if the U.S. is to keep its bases as sophisticated as its developing missiles, but they can play hob with schedules. At Offutt base, more than 50 site changes have been ordered, ranging from "a few dollars to more than a million dollars," The Warren base, originally scheduled to cost \$65 million, is now expected to cost \$100 million because of numerous modifications.

Also contributing to the slowdowns are labor unions which have squabbled with the military, the contractors and among themselves. In the past two years there have been 22 labor disputes at Warren, ranging from cement masons and plasterers striking against the use of rendy-mix concrete to inconwares protesting because concrete to inconwares protesting because the properties of the properties of the properties of Jurisdictional disputes and strikes have cost the Allas program 20-170 man-days



Robert Phillips—Fo DEFENSE SECRETARY GATES Get back on schedule.

in the first six months of 1960 alone at Warren, Offutt and Vandenberg Air Force

To bring the Atlas back on schedule. Secretary Gates has transferred the missile-site command from the Air Force Research and Development Command to the Air Materiel Command, placed the Army engineers under one nationwide project officer instead of under district engineers. Both the Army and the Air Force have been warmed to be more selection of the Army and the Air Force have been warmed to be more selection of the Air Section of the Air Section

LABOR

One Way to Settle a Strike

Back from negotiating a political settlement in Chicago, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller last week put his hand to some pressing business in his own state: a 25-day strike of railroad trainmen on the Long Island Railroad, the busiest U.S. commuter line. Neither labor nor management showed any sign of budging, but Rocky was in a mood to push, He summoned railroad executives, union officials, state and federal mediators, Early one morning, they trooped into his sleek, grey-carpeted Manhattan office. Rockefeller briskly ushered management and union men into different rooms and closed the doors behind them, Snapped Rocky to an aide: "This is it. They are

Sweating It Out, As mediators shuffled between the two teams. Rockefeller frequently popped in on both sides to let them know that he was watching. He had also hinted that if the strike was not settled, he might recall the state legislature to ask for special powers to show the Long Island how to run a railroad. Neither side wanted that. At midmorning Rockefeller slipped away long enough to have a cyst removed from under his right eye (six stitches) at the Manhattan Eve. Ear, and Throat Hospital, came back to order ham and turkey sandwiches for all. then settled down-with dark glasses and an ice pack gracing his head-to sweat out the negotiations.

of directation the gloomy-faced nepositates had reached no settlement though they were only \$5,5000 apart. They begged for a break and some food, but Rocky was having none of it. Said he to his aides: "Let's keep them here till they finish." This time, he ordered no sandwiches. At 0,513 pm., almost twelve hours after the session began. Rockefeller strode into the pressroom and, whiping his brow, announced tersely: "It's settled!" Insisted Rockefeller: "The people of New make decisions like this, and I'll assume responsibility for any fare rise.

Undisguisedly Unhappy. Under terms of the settlement, the trainmen got their six-day week reduced to a five-day week, while continuing to get paid for seven



Associated Pre
ROCKEFELLER (RIGHT EYE STITCHED)
No sandwiches.

days. In return, they agreed to take 2/4 instead of the 5.4/2 hourly wase increase won by the union throughout the instead of the 5.4/2 hourly was drop some featherbedding practices. The settlement will cost the Long Island 5/6/2-6/4 a year, which the road will cover by raising annual commuter farse for its 8/5,000 daily commuters by 81 or 82, adding to a recent \$2.4-3-year fare increase.

Chief Union Negotiator Harold I. Prvor called the settlement "an almost complete victory." Long Island President Thomas M. Goodfellow, undisguisedly unhappy, made it clear that he was the one who had been pushed. Said he: "The settlement we made wasn't the settlement we thought should be made. But the Governor felt the effects of the strike overbalanced the cost of ending it. We accepted his recommendation," Long Island commuters, after nearly a month of overcrowded highways and desperate expedients for getting to work, seemed willing to pay a hike of less than a cent per day for the old familiar ride.

GOVERNMENT

The Serviceman's Utopia To 1.683,000 U.S. Army and Air Force men and their families stationed in 27 countries, payday usually means a visit to the PX, the world's biggest exclusive shopping preserve. Last week the payday rush was on in 5,933 PXs, helping to make the Army and Air Force Exchange Service rank in dollar volume below only Sears, Roebuck, J. C. Penney, Montgom-ery Ward and F. W. Woolworth among retail chains, To maintain its place as one of the U.S. military's greatest fringe benefits. PX branches stock up to 30,000 items, sell everything from underwear to refrigerators-all at cut-rate prices designed for the private who earns only \$78 a month, the master sergeant who



Shoppers at Frankfurt PX Christmas trees and camel saddles.

earns \$310. Yet the PX earns money, last year made a \$60 million profit on sales of \$895 million—and is doing even better in 1060.*

To become so big, the PX has changed greatly since its founding 65 years ago to sell horse blankets and snuff. From the raggle-taggle mobile units and Quonset huts that most G.I.s remember at the end of World War II. the PX system has moved into fancier quarters, now includes shopping centers the size of a city block. They are designed to meet the needs of the new-style serviceman and his family. Eighty-seven percent of all officers and some 50% of all enlisted men are married, with an average of two children. Says the wife of a sergeant stationed in Frankfurt, West Germany: "If they ever took the PX away from us. I'd be on the next

Dine-A-Mite & Poker Chips, The man responsible for keeping soldiers and their families well supplied is Brigadier General Ray Joseph Laux, 52, a grey-haired, blue-eved Ouartermaster Corps planning expert. From his office at worldwide exchange headquarters in Manhattan, General Laux commands a retailing complex that could demand the services of a \$200 .ooo-a-vear executive in the world of business; he does the job for \$16,725 a year. Of the PX's 67,500 employees, some 44,-100 are foreign nationals working abroad. This mix sometimes presents problems. In Morocco, faced with native snack-bar waiters who spoke only Arabic, the PX had to set up a system of poker chips to place orders: red for a hamburger, blue for coffee, etc.

To please its customers, the European Exchange System (2.918 branches), big-

* The Navy and Marine Corps have their own exchange systems, which last year had total sales of \$362.6 million, profits of \$23.7 million. gest of 14 PX districts, has built seven PX drive-in sanck bars along West German Autobahnen with such names as Java Junction and Dine-A-Mite. Over the past ten years the European System has nearly doubled its stock of items, which now includes Italian fashions, men's customtalioned suits, frocen pheasants and tentorial properties of the properties of the system also includes harbershops, delicatessens, auto parts shops, dey Celening and laundry service, and shoe, watch and radio repair shops.

But what pleases the soldier most about the PX is its prices, which run about ±0% below U.S. retail prices. Reason: the PX does not have to pay income taxes, gets free shipment of goods overseas, has its stores built for it, spends fittle for advertising or promothing the part of t

The Icste Setter, Many a military affamilys clothes, music and image of America are determined by the PX. The system ships Christmas trees to Ethiopia, often gets new dress styles on its racks as quickly as U.S. stores, Many PXs introduce foreign goods. The Moroccan camels saddle fad started in the PX, and much of current Japanese design influence originated through PX-sold items.

While the PX may be the military man's idea of utopia, the system is still the target of outside criticism. U.S. retailers feel that PXs compete with private business, would like to limit what PXs can sell even beyond present rules (which prevent Stateside PXs from selling major appliances, and most clothing and furniture). PXs have been singled out as a prime culprit in isolating U.S. military men abroad from exposure to different cultures. Scoffs one German: "Your American soldier seems to live here as though he were surrounded by primitive aborigines," The PX has also suffered from black-market scandals. Though the black market is no longer a big problem in prosperous Europe. \$1,000,000 a year in PX goods is sold on the Japanese black market, and in Korea the estimate is as high as \$500,000 per month.

Such criticisms and problems are not likely to provoke basic changes in the PX system, which has already gone a long way toward correcting its own abuses. The PX has become established as an integral part of the modern U.S. serviceman's life. "Wherever it, is," says General Laux, "the PX is a bit of America following the troops,"

BUSINESS ABROAD No Zip in the Zhiguli

The beer that might have made Moscow famous is a light, frothy brew called Zhiguli, which has long been touted as the perfect accompaniment for rak, a Russian crawfish. But for some time, Muscovites

—and beer drinkers all over the U.S.S.R.—have noticed that their Zhiguli had lost its zip, Last week they knew why. Up for trial and denounced for his "criminally careless attitude" was V. P. Lisakov, director of Moscow's biggest brewery. The dark charge against Lisakov, Senior Brewmaster P. D. Kirichek, and eight other brewery officials: watering the Zhiguli.

The scandal got started when the brewers carelessly began washing down their vats with beer instead of water, ignoring leaky valves that spilled out brew until it ran in the gutters. The brewery workers ran up "internal losses" amounting to 2,500,000 gallons of beer worth 40 million rubles-owing in part to on-the-job consumption. In order to make up their quota, they began putting water in the Zhiguli (named for a Volga River beauty spot). Even after a state inspector popped in unexpectedly and found the water content too high, brewery officials and workers kept pouring it in. When a formidable team of ministry investigators moved in, officials tried to get out of the mess by cutting the beer's aging period from 21 days to 3, using extra malt, juggling the books, rigging scales so that no one could check the output. In despair, Brewmaster Kirichek suggested they puncture the pipes, blame the losses on an accident.

No subterfuge worked. The luckless Zhiguli brewers were hauled in to answer to ap volumes full of violations. Wrote the Economic Gazette, an official newspaper of the Communist Party's Central Committee: "Starting with a small violation of state discipline, they ended up decreitive theory of the company of the comtended of the company of the comtended of the company of the comtended on the company of the comtended on Zhiguli as they once did—perhaps not until a rawish learns to whistle hearns to whistle.



RUSSIAN ZHIGULI BEER AD Waiting for the crawfish to whistle?

66



If you drive 50 mph or more, better get nylon cord tires

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AIRPORT CITIES

Gateways to the Jet Age

THE first siren whoosh of the commer-cial jetliner not only changed man's earth some 40%, but set off an earthbound revolution that is transforming the whole facade and function of the jet age's gateway: the airport. Nations and cities are taking a searching second look at the airports that served the piston-plane age -and finding them wanting. The result is an immense worldwide building boom to adapt them to the new and challenging problems-for pilots, passengers and cities -of the 600 m.p.h. jet planes. In the U.S. new or better airports are blossoming in Seattle, Miami, San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angelesand dozens of other airports are also undergoing major face-liftings. New runways are being hacked out of the wilderness in Asia and South America, and the travelworn airports of Paris, Amsterdam and Mexico City, familiar to thousands of U.S. tourists, will soon sport a trim, unfamiliar look.

Prototype: Idlewild. The most glittering airport showcase-and one of the first to be rebuilt—is New York International Airport at Idlewild, the gateway to the U.S. (an estimated 8,550,000 air travelers this year). Because Idlewild is one of the world's busiest airports (an average of 640 landings and takeoffs a day) and a technological primer of jet age forethought, it has become the prototype and laboratory for many of the world's changing airports. This week ten officials of Aeroflot, the Soviet civil airline, will poke through every nook and cranny of Idlewild on a restricted tour of U.S. airports, searching for ideas to take back home. Cologne is building an instrument-landing runway with narrow-gauge lighting patterned after Idlewild's, Frankfurt has jetterminal improvements scheduled, but is waiting to see how Idlewild's new facilities work.

Built in 1942 on land reclaimed from Jamaica Bay and what was once a golf course. Idlewild has become a vast, gleaming concrete-and-glass tirar (see color) investment of \$3.50 million. Much more than merely a big new airport, it typifies a whole new jet age concept; a selfcontained airport city, so complete that it has two dramatic societies and an animal a day to lions (\$5, a day) can be boarded.

Underground Airport. For all its glitter, Idlewild will have plenty of competition before the airport boom abates. Many of the new airports boast functional rather of the property of the property board functional rather their money for such expensive necessities as lengthening runways—at \$5.000 a ft.—to meet the 10,500-ft. jet requirements. But some airports with money to spare are experimenting with concepts as dramatic in jet age design as Idlewilds.

¶ Dulles International Airport, due to open near Washington, D.C. in 1961, is radically different in concept. Unlike most airports, it will have no passageways reaching out onto the apron to detract from its lofty, templelike terminal designed by Architect Eero Saarinen. Instead of jets coming up to terminal fingers, passengers will simply walk into giant.

gers, passengers will simply walk into giant "mobile lounges" that will move them out to the jets.

¶ Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, the to be finished in 1962, will be one of the world's largest, with its three termi-

 ing boards, will have the world's only integrated underground terminal. Built like an aircraft carrier with service and passenger facilities underground, it will lift travelers by elevator direct to jets on the

¶ Rome's Leonardo Da Vinci airfield, nearly finished, is a \$50 million showcase roughly the size of Florence and built in the shape of a triangle. Set on the Tyrrhenian coast (near the ruins of Ostia Antica) to make the most of prevailing sea breezes, it will have near-perfect visbility all year round

Telescoping Corridors, Plain or fancy. the new airports are designed to cope with the growing problems of the jet age. The major problems; the jets carry more passengers at a time (up to 170 in a Boeing 707 v. about half that number in the biggest piston airliner), require quicker handling of more baggage. They have proved so popular that they have boosted U.S. air travel by better than 20% this year. Moreover, since one jet is seldom much faster than another, it is an airline's service and reputation for luxury that pulls customers. The result: airlines themselves are sinking millions of dollars into lavish terminal facilities to lure customers,

Using new "jetway" covered corridors that telescope out to meet the planes, United Air Lines at San Francisco has a graceful, star-shaped terminal that can nestle five giant DC-s; jets at one time. To ease shoe leather, Dallas' Love Field uses moving sidewalks to carry passengers to planes. Many new terminals—e.g., at Dulles, Idlewild. Seattle, Rome, O'Hare—e.g., it could be seen to be seen to

Officials at Dallas' Lowe Field studied crowd habits in Grand Central Station to learn the best arrangement for facilities: citicet counter close to the entrance so that passengers can drop their heavy bags and buy tickets, then insurance and cigarette counters, drinking fountains and—just before reaching the plane—rest rooms. With office the control of the plane control of the plane

Radar Brain, One big reason for the growth of airport cities around terminals is a new jet age psychology. The layover passenger who has flown zoon miles in four hours sees no reason to spend another two hours communiting finto the center of town, wants his overnight hotel and restaurants at hand. For passengers who are ending their flights, many new airports, including O'Hare, Dulles and Rome, are

PINWHEEL OF JETS AROUND UNITED'S SAN FRANCISCO TERMINAL





UMBRELLA ROOF of reinforced concrete tops Pan American World Airways' \$12 million terminal at New York International Airport, Latest of Idlewild's four new terminals. Pan Am's

soaring oval covers four acres, nestles six giant jet Clippers under its 114-ft, cantilever, can handle 960 passengers per hour. Bronze signs of zodiac by Milton Hebald decorate windscreen.



BRIGHT MURAL by Argentine-born Brazilian Painter Carybé titled Rejoicing and Festival of the Americas helps enliven east concourse of American Airlines' \$14 million terminal, opened

six months ago. Passengers at 140-ft. counter have view of arriving and departing planes, later board flights directly from terminal through adjustable covered corridors called jetways.





DRIVE-IN BANK is set on stilts to allow banking from three cars at a time. One of First National City Bank's four branches at

CATHOLIC CHAPEL, Our Lady of the Skies, has attendance of some 1.450 at Sunday Masses. Jewish, Protestant chapels are planned.



DE LUXE RESTAURANT, the Golden Door, with view of planes pulling up before International Arrival Building, is one of 24 eating places (including espresso gallery) operated by

Brass Rail. Seventy-five waiters and captains serve up to 1,400 a day from menu (dinner: \$7 plus drinks) printed in six languages. Dining room chairs were designed by Eero Saarinen.



Idlewild, this neatly designed, glass-walled, gr-by-gr-ft, structure serves regular airport employees as well as transient air travelers.

WING-SHAPED HOTEL, with room for 500, often runs at 110% capacity because of rapid turnover of passengers waiting for flights.



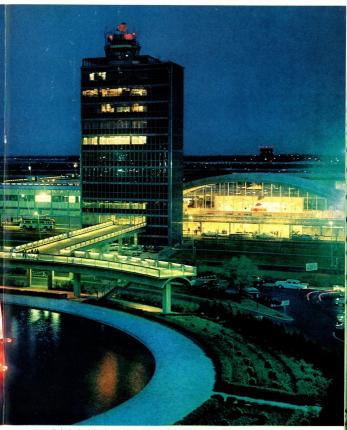


GAS STATION, designed by Edward D. Stone, flies all U.N. flags on special occasions.



DUSK VIEW looking south in Terminal City sparkles with activity as Fountain of Liberty tosses plumes of water into air at near-center of 220-acre landscaped park. In immediate

background are million-dollar, eleven-story control tower and east wing of eleven-block-long International Arrival Building, where offices of 21 foreign-flag airlines are located. In addition



to its own banks, hotel and chapel, airport has training schools, post office, sports club and even its own newspaper. Largest port of entry in U.S., it has parking lots for 6,000 cars,

will serve estimated 8,000,000 passengers in 1960. With four new terminals costing \$56.5 million opened in last year, port is still growing, has fifth major terminal under construction.



SERVICE HANGAR in which TWA's 27 Boeing 707s get line maintenance check every 200 hours cost \$15 million

in 1958, houses 3,000 service and operations personnel, is among largest and busiest of Idlewild's 17 giant hangars.



CONTROL TOWER develops tense, efficient atmosphere as air traffic control specialists handle average of seven

flights at same time. The two men at right control landing-takeoff procedure and planes on ground taxiing to runway.

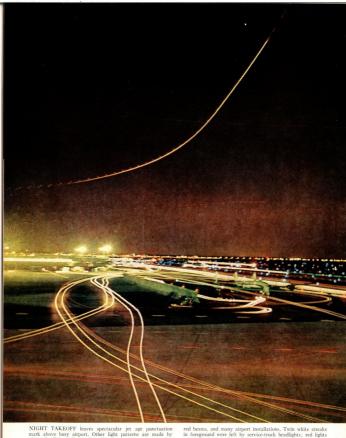
at are to can be passed as a series of the can be passed as a seri

CUSTOMS OFFICE staffed by 100 inspectors can handle five planeloads at once and up to 6,000 passengers a day. Supermarket conveyors speed baggage.



FLIGHT KITCHEN prepares lobster thermidor for Pan Am's first-class overseas passengers. Up to 5,000 meals are readied daily by Pan Am chefs alone.





NIGHT TAKEOFF leaves spectacular jet age punctuation mark above busy airport. Other light patterns are made by planes landing, taxiing and taking off, service trucks, rotating

red beams, and many airport installations. Twin white streaks in foreground were left by service-truck headlights; red lights seemingly lined up in a row in sky are from rotating beams.

planning brand-new freeways to speed access to the city. Brussels has built, and Rome is building, railroad lines directly

to the airport.

The new airports are also wrestling with the immense technological problems of the jet age. The hungry jets have made dosslete the ubjectives airport from the truck; silia are all installing underground fueling systems. Hong Kong Airport has solved its space problem by building a runway 8,550 feet into Hong Kong bay, Mamir has a new \$\$5,0000 radia approach systems. Wear San Francisco. He Federal Availion Korel San Control Center, whose Remignion Rand electronic brain whose Remignion Rand electronic brain



Hong Kong Jet Strip

will track all aircraft in a three-state zone. Hardest-to-lick problem thus far is jet noise, but airport officials hope that the new turbofan jet engines will eventually alleviate even that drawback of the jets. Dulles Airport is planting 80,000 trees around its rim to help absorb jet noise.

While cities are hustling to catch up with the jet age, the wisest airport builders are looking ahead-to the 1970s and 500.000-lb, supersonic airliners, Seattle is building a runway extension long enough -and strong enough-for Mach 3 aircraft. Brussels, by the end of 1961, will be one of the world's best-equipped airports, capable of handling 3,000,000 passengers a year v. the present 1,000,000. Explaining the philosophy behind the avant-garde Dulles airport, FAA Boss Elwood ("Pete") Ouesada says: "We designed this airport for the requirements not only of this decade but for the next decade as well. Not looking far enough ahead is one of the errors we've been making through the history of commercial aviation. We have forecast the requirements and are not indulging in building for today. We are building for ten years, twenty years, fifty years from now,

MODERN LIVING

The Cease & Desist Cha Cha

Four months after the Federal Trade Commission accused him of boosting his \$45 million-a-year business by deception and coercion (TDME, April 11), Dancer Arthur Murray cha-chaed his way out of the jam, hardly subbing his toes. He agreed last week to an FTC consent order "to cease and desist" the practices, thus avoided a tough day in court and the prospect of even more damaging publici-

ty. In exchange, the FTC closed its case, The consent order, which is not technically an admission of guilt, forces the Arthur Murray studios to abandon most of their now famous promotional schemes. These included telephone calls asking prospects to name two former U.S. presidents who were once generals. "Lucky Buck" contests soliciting dollar bills whose serial numbers included a five and a zero, and zodiac- and crossword-puzzle contests. All offered free dance lessons as a reward for the right answers, but the FTC charged that the contests were too easy to be genuine, were used as bait with which high-pressure Murray salesmen conned prospects into signing up for added courses.

A grand jury in Denver last week concluded that ballroom-dance studios in the area are guilty of "immoral, illegal and bloodsucking" tactics in the sale of huge lesson contracts to students. Dance-studio personnel, said the grand jury indignantly, are often "buzzards" who "employed very unethical means of inducing persons to enroll in dance classes."

PERSONNEL

Missiles to Miniatures

The man who bossed the Army missile program and helped put the U.S. into space last week took on an unlikely new job. Major General (ret.) John B. Medaris, 58, who quit the Army six months ago described to the Army six months ago described to the Army six months ago described to the Army six months ago the Army six m

Lionel's chairman, and the chief of a syndicate that took over the failing company last year and put it on its feet, is Roy M. Cohn, longtime aide to Senator Joseph McCarthy and leading inquisitors in McCarthy's litter row with the American in McCarthy's litter row with the subengaged two management consultant firms before finding "the impossible man." "They said he didn't exist." said Cohn. "but here he is, 'Medaria take a prudently toderant view of working with the original properties of the control of the control

As top man at Lionel, Medaris will earn \$50,000 a year, plus an option on 20,000 shares of Lionel stock pegged at 95% of last week's price. He intends to develop Lionel's standard lines of trains and toys, but also to expand gradually into grownup electronics. Clionel proposed a merger with Anton-Imco Electronics Corp. last June, 1.H does not plan to go after Government contracts. Says he: "Developprine objective, I don't plan to create a corporate image that depends on the vagaries of the defense business."

Other changes of the week:

¶ Thomas G. Lanphier Jr., 44, onetime vice president of General Dynamics' Convair Division, was appointed vice president in charge of planning of the Fairbanks Whitney Corp., a big [1050 sales]



Lionel's Medaris

\$149 million), diversified manufacturing outfit. Lanphier's outspoken criticisms of the Administration's defense effort and blunt attacks on rival missile makers brought down the wrath of General Dvnamics Chairman Frank Pace, who forced Lanphier out. Lanphier then campaigned for his longtime friend, Missouri's Democratic Senator Stuart Symington, whose special assistant he had been when Symington was Secretary of the Air Force. When Symington lost to Kennedy in Los Angeles, Lanphier began to look for a job outside the defense field. He found it at Fairbanks Whitney, which does only 5% of its business with the Government.

¶ Edmund F, Martin, 57, was elected president of the Bethlehen Steel Corp. the nation's second largest steel producer (after U.S. Steel). He succeeds Arthur B. Homer, who becomes chairman of the board and continues as chief executive officer. Chicago-born Ed Martin joined Bethlehen in 1921 after graduating from Stevens. Institute of Technology, workstanding from Stevens. Institute of Technology, workstanding from Stevens Institute of Technology workstanding from Stevens Institute of Technology workstanding from Stevens Institute of Technology, workstanding f

Speculators <u>don't</u> take chances!

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MILESTONES

Born. To Jayne Mansfield. 27, sometime cinemaspirant, who reported that she was "so thrilled I'd like to have 500 more babies." and Miklos ("Mickey") Hargitay, 30, knot-muscled, Hungarian-born Mr. Universe of 1956: their second child, second son; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Married. Gene Kelly. 47, stage and screen quadruple-threat man as producerdirector-actor-dancer; and Jeanne Coyne. 37, his production assistant; both for the second time; in Tonopah, Nev.

Married. Andre Kostelanetz. 58. Russian-born orchestra conductor whose recordings of homogenized classics and hoked-up pop works have sold some 40 million copies over the past 20 years; and Sara Gene Orcutt. 32. Oklahoma-born divorcee; both for the second time (his first: Soprano Lily Pons); in Honolulu.

Died. Luis Angel ("The Wild Bull of the Pampas") Fipno 6.3 ragentine heavyweight, who in 1023 in boxing's greatest first round, decked Champion Jack Dempsey and later belted him clear out of the ring, but was floored seven times himself and finally finished after three more knockdowns in the second round; of a heart attack; in Buenos Aires. When Dempsey later visited Fipno, who became a wealthy cattleman, with 10,000 head on "When a boxer leaves the ring. . . be has lost the fight. In my heart, Fipno was world champion of all weights."

Died, Philip Benjamin Perlman, 70. Maryland lawyer, newspaperman (one-time Baltimore Evening San city editor and pranch-playing crony of H. L. Mencken) and Democratic politician, who from 1944 to 1952 as workhores Solicitor General of the U.S. personally won an unprecedented 49 cases before the Supreme Court but lost his most famous one, de-compared to the steel industry; of heart disease; in Washington. An energetic fighter for civil rights, Perlman was co-chairman of the Platform Committee at last month's Democratic Convention.

Died. First Lieut. Robert Allen (Bob) Gutowski, 25, fluid-formed Marine polevaulting champion who held the world's outdoor record (15 ft. 8½ in.) from 1957 until last month's Olympic tryout. which saw Army Pfc. Don Bragg vault one inch higher; in an auto accident; near Oceanstide, Calif.

Died, Eldon Lee Edwards, 51, by day an auto-body paint sprayer, by night Imperial Wizard of the self-styled only "true" latter-day Ku Klux Klan, an Atlanta-based organization claiming membership in nine states and believed to be the biggest (an estimated 50,000 "Knights") of several Klans still operating; of a heart attack; in College Park, Ca.

Died. Leonora Corbett. 22. British actress. a favorite of George Bernard Shaw, A. A. Milne and Noel Coward, and a frequent leading lady in their plays, who was best known in the U.S. as the ghostly first wife in Blitche Spirit in 1041. was married only once (for four years to one-time NBC Vice President John F. Royal) though her "list of fiancis," she often said, "included a majority of the peers listed in Debrett's"; of a heart attack; in Vleuten, The Netherlands.

Died, Charles Schneider, 62, head since 1942 of Schneider et Cie, big French holding company (more than \$300 million in assets), whose family has been one of Europe's top steel and heavy-equipment manufacturers for four generations; of a heart attack; in Saint-Trope, France.

Died. Le'and Olds. 60, regulationminded Federal Power Commission member from 1939 to 1949 (mostly as chairman), a zealous New Dealer and longtime target of private power interests, whose third-term nomination was rejected by the Senate following hearings centering on his heavy-breathing socialist writings of the property of the property of the privileged class of parasites whose idleness and dissipation become an increasing stench in the nostrils of the people."); of a heart attack, in Bethesda, Mor

Died, Lucian C. Sprague, 74, "the doctor of sick milronds," an entire Burlington call boy for train crews (at age 13), who in 1932 was named president and who in 1932 was named president and simprovements end its bankrupts; but was ousted in 1954 by an insurgent stockholders' group for his "gravy-train" extravagances, including a personal expresstack; in Minnepolits, "of a heart altack; in Minnepolits," of a heart al-

Died. Mary Hall ("Mother") Tusch. S., friend and mother-away-from-home to two generations of aviators, whose frame cottage opposite the air-training school on the University of California's Berkeley campus was known as "The Hangar" by thousands of visiting airmen. including Hap Arnold (who dubbled it "the first U.S.O."). Billy Mitchell, Amelia Earhart. Charles. Lindbergh. and Eddie Rickenbacker from 1915 until 1950; of a stroke; in Washington.

Died. Arthur Meighen, 86, scholarly leader (1920-26) of Canada's Conservative party and, for 17 months in 1920-21, the nation's youngest Prime Minister at 46; in Toronto.

Died, Bernt Gulbrand Morterud, 101, Norwegian-born Chicago cabinetmaker, whose identical twin, Gulbrand, still lives on in Norway—a record of longevity, defying 1 billion to 1 odds; of arteriosclerotic heart disease; in Chicago.

^{*}Definition of "chance" by Funk and Wagnalls—Italics ours.





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BOOKS

Child Soldiers

THE BRIDGE (215 pp.) — Manfred Gregor—Random House (\$3.50).

On one side of the bridge crouched seven German teen-agers with only two weeks of military training. On the other side was a combat part of of battle-hard-ened G.Ls supported by three Sherman tanks, artillery and planes. The result? Two U.S. daul in the street and, finally, U.S. dead in the street and, finally, because and artillery to soften up the remaining schoolboy defenders.

This bloody skirmish serves Germany's Manfred Gregor as the core of his first novel. Like his seven heroes, Author Gregor was called up from high school during the spring of 1945 in the desperate mass conscription of 16-year-olds designed to flesh out the shattered Nazi armies. As U.S. armored columns knifed their way into Germany, they frequently encountered such youngsters, callously thrown into the front lines. Most often the dazed and frightened teen-agers surrendered in tears without firing a shot. But occasionally, they put up astonishing resistance. How they behaved usually depended on the quality of their leadership.

The hero of Gregor's book is Ernst Scholten, a schoolboy who cares little about the war and less about politics. A passionate reader of Karl May's cowboyand-Indian stories,* Scholten Imagines himself as the dauntless Indian chief, Winnetou. Even though German adults—both

soldiers and civilians—urge the uneasy boys to desert, they bindly follow Scholten's lead. "You can do as you please," bas says, "I am staying. Winneton will hold the fort." The boys' resolution is strengthneed when a passing general cannot resist spouting nonsense: he urges them to defend the bridge and amounces that with the will be used to the control of the still, with the will be them, Germany might still with the will be them. Germany might at the will be used to the control of the control of the Twelve hours later, only Scholten and

Twelve hours later, only Scholten and one other teen-ager are left alive. When a truckload of German troops arrives, the boys think they are replacements to take over their position. Discovering that the unit is really a demolition team come to blow up the bridge. Scholten cries byte them? Five are bying over these and the fought for this bridge. Author Gregor's final irony; after driving the demolition squad away from "our" bridge, Scholten is killed by a fellow German.

The Bridge is briskly told with an interlacing of flashbacks. Since the major characters are 16-year-olds, these flashbacks are mercifully short, if overly sentimental; the boys seem to have grown up surrounded by sweet, long-suffering mothers and avuncular lieutenants, with hardly a Nazi in sight. But these scenes from the hovs' past merely serve as counterpoint to the adventure at the bridge and as clues to the variety of boyish responses, which range from terror to heroism. Gregor's bitter little novel labors no point, nor does it have to. The futility it illustrates would have been depressing enough even if it had been grown men who held the bridge. Its special dimension of bitterness grows, without overstatement, from the fact that children suddenly forced into men's roles have only their childhood with which to face death.



NoveList Herlihy
Only love against evil.

Odd But Human

ALL FALL Down (272 pp.)—James Leo Herlihy—Dutton (\$3.95).

For some adolescent reason that The Catcher in the Rye's Holden Caulfield would have understood, Clint Williams ponders suicide, "Of course, if I end up in ponders suicide," o'D course, if I end up in this diary, "it would be a miserable mistake. The thing I am gambling on is that after death people become automatically ghosts, and possess thereby complete free-dom of movement, auxxxxxxxxx. I could place," ""."

Both Clint-who decides against becoming a ghost, after all-and his roving older brother, Berry-berry, are members of the Williams family, as splendid a set of oddballs as has appeared in U.S. writing since J. D. Salinger's more eccentric creations. Clinton, who is 14 as the story opens, has just skipped school for 57 consecutive days. He sits around at the Aloha Sweet Shop writing compulsively in his notebooks whatever he sees and hears. This includes his parents' conversations, on which he eavesdrops, and whatever interests him in the family mail that he opens. During the last month he has filled 25 notebooks, excerpts from which make up some of the most revealing as well as some of the novel's very few boring pages.

It is Brother Berry-berry who holds the key to the family's happiness as well as to their despair. Tall, handsome, irresistible to women, brutal and meanly selfish, he only when he needs money. His bemused mother adores him, pathetically unaware that he hates her. His father, a rude, freethabling eccentric of a kind increasingly and the selfish of the selfish of the consense of the selfish of the selfish of the only sampling life and will turn out well. When Berry-berry unexpectedly shows up





GERMAN TEEN-AGE CONSCRIPTS, 1945 Only boys against death.

at home, the Williamses have a brief interlude of unaccustomed happiness. He falls in love with a nice girl, and even though he is coolly running a brothel in a nearby town, it seems that he is about to go straight at any moment. The presence of love in the house transforms all the Williamses, Clinton finds almost nothing worth putting into his notebooks, since happiness is so dull, but it affects and even excites him too.

But the rot in Berry-berry runs too deep. When his girl becomes pregnant, he clears out and hits the road again, carelessly denving blame for the tragedy that follows. Yet the short vacation he took from his inner evil created something of value, Having tasted the richness of familv love. Clint and his parents are not likely to turn away from it again.

The message of All Fall Down, the universal need for love, is as obvious as it is worthy; the means of getting it across makes unfailingly good reading. Author Herlihy (Blue Denim, The Sleep of Baby Filbertson) plays with a kind of hurt tenderness over every desperate human confrontation, With originality, freshness and economy he can convey the seediness of a brothel, a strip joint, a hotel room-never once trying for the sensational or playing up the shoddy for its own sake. Having skillfully drawn the Williamses as offbeat types, he makes it effectively plain in the end that what makes them important is not their oddness but their kinship to humanity.

The Crooked Paradise

THE OPERATORS (284 pp.)—Frank Gibney—Harper (\$3.95).

Critics of American civilization, like most specialists, tend to be narrow in their diagnoses of what ails the U.S. David Riesman in The Lonely Crowd worries about other-directedness and herd instinct, William H. Whyte in The Organization Man examines the loss of individuality caused by modern corporate life. Vance Packard in The Status Seekers sees the trouble in a craving for the symbols of importance. Frank Gibney, a journalistic G.P., has a simpler, more sweeping and engagingly old-fashioned diagnosis: the whole place is getting to be crooked. just plain crooked.

Diagnostician Gibney, a Life staff writer and author (The Frozen Revolution, Five Gentlemen of Japan), warns earnestly: "Older powers than ours have been fatally undermined when the gap grew too great between the citizen's private sense of wrong and the public morality to which he and his fellows were pledged." To document the gap, Gibney attempts to chronicle every conceivable device of legal and illegal corner cutting, bunching them all into what might be termed Gibney's Unified Sociological Field Theory of the "Genial Society

Nondeductible Sex. In the Genial Society, everybody is too genial about major and minor fraud. Parents are light fingered with the maid's social security payments; Dad might "gift" the cop on the

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Christ & COMMUNISM What Communism promises at

its best ... is tragedy ... Prof. John Strietelmeier, Editor, Cresset Magazine, on The LUTHERAN HOUR, Sunday, Aug. 14

See local paper for time and static SUBURBAN PROPANE GAS CORPORATION

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ESSEX



Coyle, Vice-President & Managing Dir. 160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH . NEW YORK 19

beat with a fifth of whisky for overlooking his daily parking violation; the children, taking their cue from the elders, might crib on an exam or lie about a date.

From such "acceptable" forms of petty larceny. Gibney moves on to the more spectacular types that pique the Internal Revenue Department. Among the intriguing cases are the undertaker who tried to deduct his wife's grocery bills because she met so many potential customers during her shopping trips, and the possibly legendary San Francisco taxpayer who deducted the cost of his love affairs as a medical expenditure because his physician advised him that sex would calm his

From tax cheating Gibney moves on to the kickback artists in business, the most spectacular among them being unquestionably a New York dress buyer named Stanley Sternberg, who worked for a branch of Sears. Roebuck, When he was shown the door in 1952, it appeared that manufacturers who wanted him to place orders with them, in addition to making regular payments, had fed him daily, clothed him and his family, partly furnished his home. One manufacturer was assigned to take Sternberg's aged parents to dinner almost nightly; the wife of another was pressed into service to supply a home-cooked turkey "whenever the Sternbergs craved fowl." Once Sternberg dropped the hint to one seller that he should assign an employee to push his father's wheelchair. Sternberg's total take an estimated quarter of a million.

Matter over Mind. The Genial Society. with all its deceptions. Gibney believes. has come about because businesses have become too large and impersonal to be readily held accountable; because technological complexity of modern products makes it difficult to see through exaggerated advertising; because aspirations once funneled into spiritual and national



AUTHOR GIBNEY Larceny in everybody?

ideals have been diverted to materialism. The trouble with Gibney's warning that

the U.S.'s "national future is being misshaped" by the Operators is that his supporting evidence, however fascinating in detail, is often too indiscriminate to be meaningful and his definition of an Operator too broad to let off anybody (even the Operators' victims, Gibney seems to suggest, are responsible; they have no business being gullible). Is there really much of a common denominator among the housewife who overlooks an uncharged item at the supermarket, the politician who rigs a press conference, the professional "flopper" who makes a business of suing companies for phony accidents? There is, argues Gibney; even the least offenders are guilty of "selective obedience to the law," meaning that they decide for themselves which part of the law to obey, and that, he feels, may be the beginning

of the end of U.S. democracy. In the meantime, the universality of the problem is illustrated by Author Gibney, who will obviously have to resist some temptations to turn into an Operator himself. There is a LIFE expense account, which a man of weak character might pad. There are the dangerous swamps of publicity and plugs that always lure a successful author. Above all. there is his 1960 income tax return on which The Operators just possibly might provide some handy deductions, including self-employment status as a writer, rent for premises where the writing is done (growing source material, Gibney notes, crowded him out of two successive apartments), not to mention expenses for research and entertainment of informants -after all, an enterprising reporter might want to take Stanley Sternberg to dinner.

A Devil Called Doualas

THE BALLAD OF PECKHAM RYE (160 pp.) -Muriel Spark-Lippincott (\$3,75)

frank, I won't

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" the vicar asks Humphrey. "No," Humphrey replies, "to be quite

It is really the Devil who is speaking so caddishly through Humphrey. The Devil in this incarnation is known as Dougal Douglas, or occasionally as Douglas Dougal, and he comes equipped with a crooked right shoulder, a clawlike right hand, and two small bumps on his head where a plastic surgeon has removed the horns. When he looks at people, he is "like a succubus whose mouth is its eyes. In the short span of this hilarious novel. Douglas the Devil coaxes into mortal sin not only Humphrey Place but most of the first citizens in the South London district of Peckham Rye.

British Novelist Spark has been compared to Evelyn Waugh, but the comparison is inexact: she is, in fact, a kind of welfare state Jane Austen, a novelist in whose hands the commonplace becomes mysteriously implausible, the routine eerily irrational. Unlike the scheming septuagenarians of her earlier novel, Memento Mori, the inhabitants of Peckham



NOVELIST SPARK Mystery in the commonplace.

Rve are so determinedly average that they lack even the capacity to sin grandly. When Mr. Vincent Druce, the managing director of a small textile firm, visits his secretary, Miss Merle Coverdale, to make love to her in the evening, their activity is as carefully calculated as the time-motion studies with which Druce plagues his employees; dinner before the TV (Brussels sprouts with a bottle of stomach tablets by the plates), an hour in bed in the course of which Merle "twice screamed because Mr. Druce had once pinched and once bit her," and after which she habitually "went into the scullery and put on the kettle while he put on his trousers and went home to his wife. When Dougal comes among these peo-

ple, as director of "human research" Mr. Druce's textile firm, the tangled fabrics of their lives come suddenly and bewilderingly apart. Dixie Morse, who is working nights at a cinema in order to save money for a model bungalow, refuses to sleep any longer with Humphrey Place, and he, in turn, leaves her at the altar. Mr. Weedin, the personnel manager, looks into Dougal's bewitched eyes and at "the alarming bones of his hands" and suffers a nervous breakdown. Mr. Druce himself, suspecting that Dougal is a police informer in alliance with Merle Coverdale. kills his mistress by stabbing her nine times with a corkscrew. Dougal at about that time flees Peckham Rye for Africa, where he makes a living selling portable tape recorders to witch doctors. Neither Dougal's victims nor the read-

er ever discovers precisely what is deviling them. It is Novelist Spark's triumph that it never seems to matter. When Dougal is accused of being "unnatural," he replies: "All human beings who breathe are a bit unnatural." On every page of Peckham Rye, the author demonstrates that notion with high comic brilliance and a strabismic set of eye.



People in foreground give idea of tremendous size of radio telescope which will "see" 38 billion light years into space. Illustration courtery of Grad, Urbahn & Seely.

Nickel steels to help new radio telescope probe boundaries of the universe

One of the world's biggest questions is, "How large is the Universe?" The world's biggest precision instrument will probe deeper into this question than has ever been possible.

The new instrument—a gigantic radio telescope—is now under construction for the U.S. Navy, It will tower to the height of a 66-story building, will have a reflector big enough to hold nearly six football fields, will swing up, down, and sideways to aim at any spot in the Universe above the horizon with oin-noint precision.

Because the tiniest amount of wear or distortion in the rotation mechanism would throw the telescope millions of miles off target in the far reaches of space, the rollers and tracks in the horizontal and vertical drives will be of Nickel alloy steel. Nickel alloy steel in these parts insures precision even under the 20,000 ton load.

Nickel will also be used in the special, high-strength, low alloy steel members that support the reflector.

This radio telescope is only one of the countless contemporary engineering achievements in which Nickel plays a part. There are three main reasons why designers are turning to Nickel and Nickel alloys: 1. Dependability of Nickel supply

from neighboring, friendly Canada. 2. Inco Research which is constantly developing new ways to make Nickel perform more effectively. 3. Inco Market Development which promotes broader use of Nickel and Nickel-containing products. The result is more "good news for you in Inco Nickel."

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Sons and Lovers. An understated, succinct and highly effective rendering of the D. H. Lawrence novel, with a fine cast topped by Trevor Howard, playing the hardhanded, hard-drinking coal miner.

Elmer Gantry. Director Richard Brooks's wonderfully gaudy, artfully graphic adaptation of Sinclair Lewis' notorious 1927 novel about a carny-style revivalist specializing in the Seventh Commandment Psycho. Alfred Hitchcock's hand may

be heavier than usual and totally im-mersed in blood, but it can still grip the spectator by the throat more expertly than the claws of any horror artist in the business

The Apartment. Billy Wilder oats uproariously sown by Jack Lemmon as a latter-day Alger hero who earns the key to the executive washroom by lending four philandering executives the key to his apartment.

Bells Are Ringing. Judy Holliday, a great comedienne, and some typically sprightly lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green save an otherwise mediocre cinemusical.

TELEVISION

Wed., Aug. 10

Music for a Summer Night (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* Pianists Eugene List and Olegna Fuschi should make Guest Hostess Margaret Truman feel at home. United States Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11

p.m.). Red Buttons, playing a Cockney copper assigned to Malaya, unravels The Case of the Missing Wife.

The Jack Paar Show (NBC, 11:15 p.m.-

a.m.). The regulars joined by Buddy Hackett, Florence Henderson, Dody Good man and Arthur Treacher. Still some of the liveliest TV available, particularly in this summer of reruns and cheap fill-ins.

Fri., Aug. 12 Moment of Fear (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).

summer suspense series continues with The Third Party, about the sudden death of a presidential candidate on election eve.

1960 College All-Star Football Game (ABC, 10 p.m. to conclusion). Rushing the season, as usual, with the heroes of last year's campus amateur hours tackling the 1959 professional champs, the Baltimore Colts.

Sun., Aug. 14 Music on Ice (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Singers Johnny Desmond and June Valli plus

skatv-eight skaters in a variety show called Continental Holiday, Color, Mon., Aug. 15 What Makes Sammy Run (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A worthwhile repeat: the first half of Budd Schulberg's dramatized novel, with Larry Blyden as Sammy Glick, the

slum boy who becomes Hollywood's archetypical heel. New Comedy Showcase (CBS, 10-10:30

p.m.). They Went Thataway, a western parody, with James Westerfield as Black Ace Burton, a no-hit gun fighter.

* All times F.D.T.

THEATER

On Broadway

All still quiet on the West Side front as far as new shows are concerned, and ong the old, the summer sun has roasted into oblivion a few that the critics missed. Of the more durable musicals, there are Bye Bye Birdie, a rousing rock-'n'-roll call for an Elvis-type monster; Fiorello!, a more fun- than smoke-filled memoir of New York City's late mayor; and West Side Story, Romeo and Juliet in a brilliantly choreographed Manhattan rumble. Among the dramatic works, the midsummer's night cream includes Toys in the Attic, Lillian Hellman's corrosive piece about a weakling whose old-maid sisters depend on his dependence; and The Tenth Man, ancient Jewish exorcism strikingly put to work on modern neurosis.

Off Broadway

With several shows having moved lock and barrel to stock country, the survivors are headed by Little Mary Sunshine, a boffo operetta satirizing the Kern-y, Frimlous past; The Connection, a pad full of hipsters seeking to prove that the opiate of the people is heroin after all; and a skillfully acted double bill of disenchantment: Samuel Beckett's Krapp's Last Tape, in which a beaten and lonely ex-writer poignantly and often amusingly grovels in his past, paired with Edward Albee's Zoo Story, in which a desperately lonely beatnik attempts the hopeless, tragicomic feat of making human contact with a square.

Ogunquit, Me., Playhouse: a new deal for Sunrise at Campobello with Howard Keel Dennis, Mass., Cape Playhouse: Golden

Fleecing gilded by Dick Shawn.

Ivoryton, Conn., Playhouse: Dana Andrews and Gerry Jedd at loose ends in

Two for the Seesaw. Stratford, Conn.: Twelfth Night, The Tempest and Antony and Cleopatra with stars including Katharine Hepburn, Robert Ryan, and Morris Carnovsky.

Bayville, L.I., North Shore Playhouse: Toni Arden plumps for Wintergreen in Of Thee I Sing.

Traverse City, Mich., Cherry County Playhouse: Noel Coward's Present Laughter with Reginald Gardiner.

Hillside, Ill., Melody Top Theater: Damn Yankees with Shelley Berman. Danville, Ky., Pioneer Playhouse: Waiting for the Bluebird, a pre-Broadway tryout of a new romantic drama.

Ashland, Ore,: Julius Caesar, The Tempest, Richard II and Taming of the Shrew. Laguna, Calif., Playhouse: The Boy

Stratford. Ont.: King John, Midsummer Night's Dream and Romeo and Juliet with Julie Harris and Christopher Plummer.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Last Temptation of Christ, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The final novel by the author of Zorba the Greek: a searing, soaring, shocking "biography" depicting Jesus less as God than as man, agonizingly torn between flesh and spirit.

Captain Cat, by Robert Holles. The social rise and moral downfall of a precociously cynical 15-year-old in the British army, described in authentic Teddy talk.

Lament for a City, by Henry Beetle Hough. A bitter novel by an aging New England editor illustrating that the soul of a town is its newspaper, and that both can be sold down the Styx.

Dictionary of American Slang, by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner. A handy thesaurus of American as she is spoke, from amscray to zuch. The Cheerful Day, by Nan Fairbrother.

A London doctor's wife gracefully comments on bringing up father and two sons. Twentieth Century Parody, edited by Burling Lowrey. An entertaining anthol ogy in which authors from Chekhov to Kerouac get the mime of their life by

some old hands at the sport, from Max Beerbohm to S. J. Perelman. Collected Poems, by Lawrence Durrell. Expert and evocative, if too often baffling, verse by the author of the acclaimed

Alexandria tetralogy. Mani, by Patrick Leigh Fermor. A fascinating picture of Peloponnesian barrens, where Homeric mythology and bloody

clan warfare are a part of the harsh everyday life. When the Kissing Had to Stop, by Constantine FitzGibbon. A chilling, Orwell-done account of the day the Iron Curtain

clanked down around Britain because of the people's moral disarmament. Plus an encouraging group of uncom-

monly good first books The Paratrooper of Mechanic Avenue,

by Lester Goran, the story of a young hood, at its snarling best when describing the wrong side of the Pittsburgh tracks: Now and at the Hour, by Robert Cormier, an affecting description of a single man's slow, unheroic but dignified death; A Long Row to Hoe, by Billy C. Clark. an autobiographical sketch of a povertystricken Kentucky boy, as American as Huck Finn; and To Kill a Mockingbird, by Harper Lee, a brilliantly written tale about the awakening to good and evil of an engagingly eccentric little Alabama girl.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Advise and Consent. Drury (3)* 2. The Leopard, Di Lampedusa (1)

Hawaii, Michener (2) 4. The Chapman Report, Wallace (4)
5. The View from the Fortieth Floor.

6. Water of Life, Robinson (7) 7. The Lovely Ambition, Chase

Diamond Head, Gilman (8) 9. The Affair, Snow (6) 10. Before You Go, Weidman

NONFICTION 1. How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock

Market, Darvas (5)

2. May This House Be Safe from Tigers,

King (1) 3. Born Free, Adamson (2) 4. I Kid You Not, Paar (4)

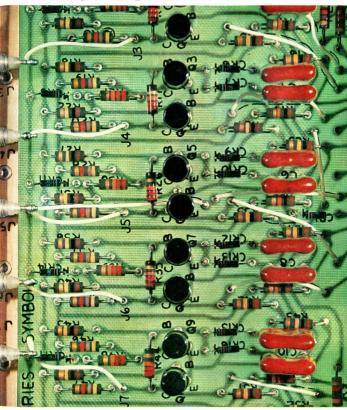
5. Folk Medicine, Jarvis (3) 6. Felix Frankfurter Reminisces (7)

7. The Night They Burned the Mountain, Dooley (8) 8. The Good Years, Lord (10)

9. Enjoy, Enjoy! Golden 10. Mr. Citizen, Truman (6)

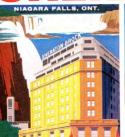
* Position on last week's list.

At 00% 00% 018 GMT, August 1, 1960, Martin logged its 624,156,000th mile of space flight



Without electronics it is impossible to design, build, test, launch, guide, track or communicate with a missile. That is why 40% of Martin's 7,500 engineers are electronic/electrical engineers.





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